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Saturday Review of Literature

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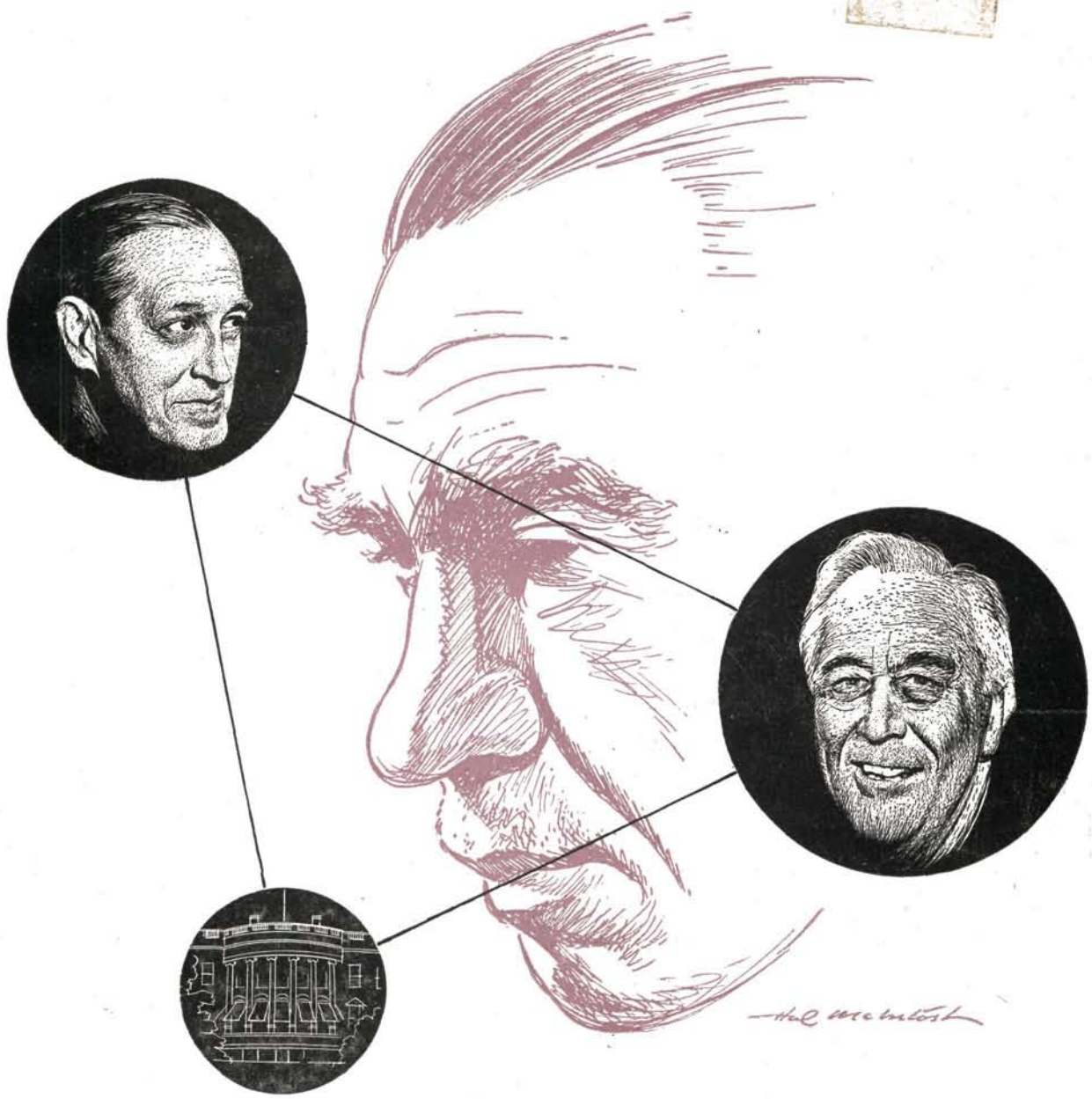

Robert Sherwood "merely sets down the record—all of the record" of FDR and Harry Hopkins. *(See page 7)*

"Roosevelt and Hopkins"

AN ESSAY REVIEW BY ELMER DAVIS

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"We brought it back from Britain...

and how it brings Britain back!"

"This horseshoe was forged in friendship.

"At an old village smithy in the Cotswolds, we watched the blacksmith turn and shape it . . . never dreaming for a moment he was making it for us.

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October 23, 1948

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Lilian Grannon, Assistant Treasurer; Robert A. Low, Advertising Manager; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Robert B. Birnbaum, Assistant Circulation Director. Subscriptions $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U. S. Vol. XXXI, No. 43, October 23, 1948. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue, Copyright 1948 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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by VIRGIL SCOTT

Doug's idealism gradually gave way under the corrupting influence of such people as Doc Heck (appallingly shaky in his medicine, but very much on the School Board), Tink Hackitt (athletic coach, whose motto was "Never give a sucker a break"), and Phyllis Ryan (whose beauty and charm made Doug forget his career . . . and his wife). A sensational exposé of our public-school system. $3.95

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MORROW

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TRADE Winds

TURN HERE FOR NOSTALGIA...

IN "MRS. CANDY and Saturday Night," Bob Tallant recalls a delectable concoction that was available to school kids at a penny a throw when I was a student at P.S. 10. The vendor would slap a scoopful of shaved ice on a piece of tissue paper and then, in the manner of a barber applying hair tonic, color the ice with a wonderful variety of questionable liquids. Our mothers were convinced that the bright colors were obtained by the generous use of poison, and forbade us to indulge. This edict, of course, made the rainbow ice infinitely more attractive, and raised sales to such a point that our salesman went high-hat and bought a hot-dog stand.

There were lots of other treats you could get for a penny or two when I was a boy that do not seem to be around today. Licorice shoestrings, three for a cent. Jaw-breakers, four for a cent. Chocolate babies (they tasted like Tootsie Rolls), ten for a cent. One year we all were buying vari-colored shoe laces to braid into watch fobs. Another year, we swapped college pictures from Murads, and ball players from Sweet Caps. Then somebody discovered approval sheets from the Scott Stamp & Coin Company. Books? We read "The Rover Boys," "The Motor Boys," and Ralph Henry Barbour, and haunted the newsstands waiting for new issues of *Popular* and *Top Notch* magazines. Today, kids are so enthralled by comics, television, and radio soap operas they don't have time for these things. . . .

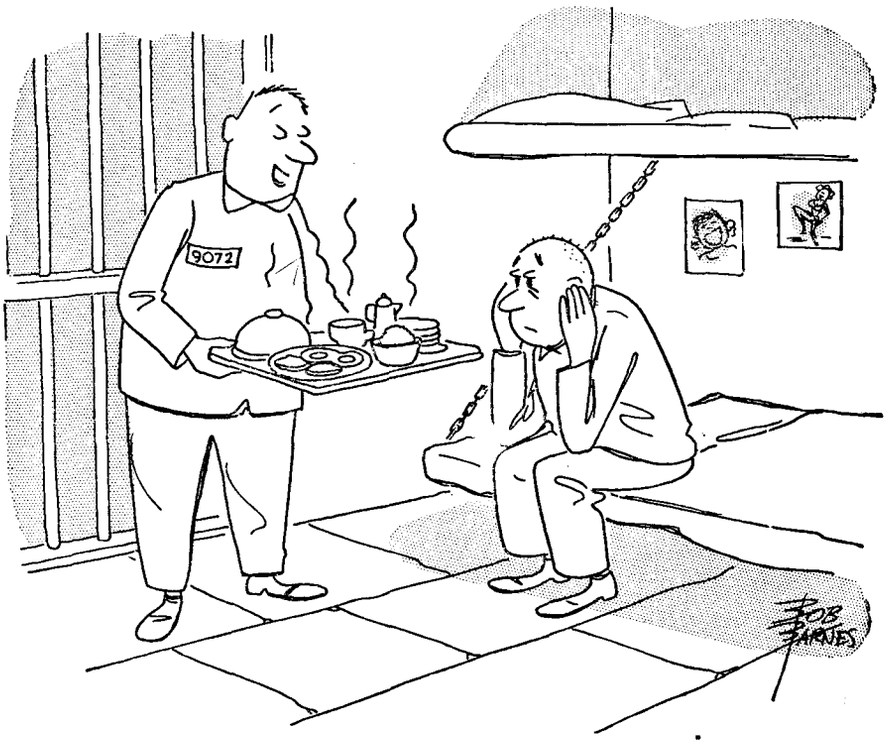
WHEN SUMMER VACATION time approached, our mothers industriously set about making our houses as uncomfortable as possible. Lloyd Morris describes the procedure perfectly in "Postscript to Yesterday":

> The furniture lost its identity under drab gray covers as shapeless as a nun's habit. Intricately scrolled chandeliers were sheathed in tinfoil. Every picture, sculpture, and clock was shrouded in varnished mosquito netting. Awnings were lowered and shutters were drawn against the sun. Carpets were removed, beaten, rolled, wrapped. Familiar objects disappeared and comfortable rooms were suddenly bleak and beggared.

Men folk had to endure this outrageous disruption of their habitual routine, this profanation of the castle they called home, until Labor Day. Then mother relented, and it was possible once more to read the paper in comfort in your own living room. . . .

IN HIS FOREWORD for a handsome, new two-volume edition of Rudyard Kipling's immortal "Jungle Books," Nelson Doubleday recalls *his* boyhood days, and gives an interesting backstage glimpse of an unusual publisher-author relationship:

> About my earliest recollection is my avid interest in any story written by Rudyard Kipling. My father had many friends in the magazine business and he frequently brought home advance copies. In one of these magazines, *St. Nicholas,* I read Kipling's story about "how the whale got his tiny throat," which impressed me enormously. I went to my father—who was just starting his own book publishing business—and asked, "If I write to Mr. Kipling and get him to do some more stories like this, will you publish them in a book?" My father replied that he would be glad to consider such a project, but that I would have to be careful about my letter. I sat down at my desk and in my best schoolboy language composed a letter suggesting that Mr. Kipling write other stories like this about animals, such as how the leopard got his spots, how the elephant got his trunk, about the crocodile, and so on. I showed the letter to my father and mother and they both thought it was fine. Then I said, "Dad, if you publish this book, shouldn't I get a share in the royalties for suggesting the idea?" In a burst of generostiy my father said that if the book were written and published, he'd give me a penny for every copy sold. My final request was for an "advance" on my royalties of a five-cent stamp with which to post the letter to England. My father again agreed, but stipulated that the first five cents earned would have to go to repay the postage—and when the "Just-So Stories" came out in book form, it did. . . .
>
> It was my privilege to know "R.K." very well not long after he wrote "The Jungle Book" stories while living in Vermont. When he was ill at the Hotel Grenoble in New York City in 1899, I used to carry homemade soup from our house at East Sixteenth Street to Mr. Kipling at the now-vanished hotel. When he recovered, he came to our house for dinner, along with Mark Twain and Andrew Carnegie, for a memorable evening. Later, when I was twelve or fourteen, my mother and father took me and my brother and sister to visit the Kipling home, Bateman's, at Burwash, Surrey. I remember how the impish "R.K." used to encourage me to escape from the schoolroom in the house, by a ladder which the gardener conveniently left outside the window. "Uncle Rud" would meet me behind a haystack some distance from the house and we would go fishing, or go hunting rabbits, or sometimes just hiking across the fields.
>
> On some of these walks, I recall clearly, Kipling would hum to himself in a rhythmic way, and then pretty soon he would ask, "How does this sound?" and rattle off a verse his ever-busy mind had composed. Most of these were never written down and never published in any form. There was much material, too, that reposed for years



"You wouldn't want it said the condemned man ate a *light* breakfast, wouldja?"

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in the big lower-right-hand drawer of Kipling's enormous work desk. He would write stories and poems on envelopes or odd bits of paper and thrust them in his drawer. Some incidents he made use of, others remained in the drawer until the day of his death and unfortunately were destroyed. . . .

I HAVE NEVER MENTIONED *my* father in this column. He was a wonderful and colorful gentleman who was known affectionately as "Pop" by everybody from Fiorello La Guardia and George M. Cohan to the elevator boys at our old offices on 57th Street. He was official critic at Random House and for ten years was never known to say "yes" to any proposed innovation. His slogan was "When I was a boy, I used a packing-case for a desk!" In his youth, my Pop was a catcher of note in semi-pro ranks; he even achieved a try-out with the Dodgers, but he couldn't hit big-league pitching. One of his happiest days was when Gene Fowler brought Gabby Hartnett, then manager of the Cubs, around to the office, and Gabby let Pop tell him how the art of catching had gone to pot since he laid aside his mask and mitt.

It's funny how tiny things will bring back a whole chain of memories about somebody you loved. My two-year-old Jonathan tumbled in the park the other day, and a kindly gentleman gave him a peanut to stop his crying. He came home clutching that peanut for dear life. Suddenly, I remembered a day fully twenty years ago when Pop and I came home from a World Series game, and I hid a peanut in his bed. He never said a word about it, but that peanut began a long series of travels back and forth between us. It bobbed up in the most unlikely places—a desk drawer, the toe of a sock, a package from Dunhill's. Once

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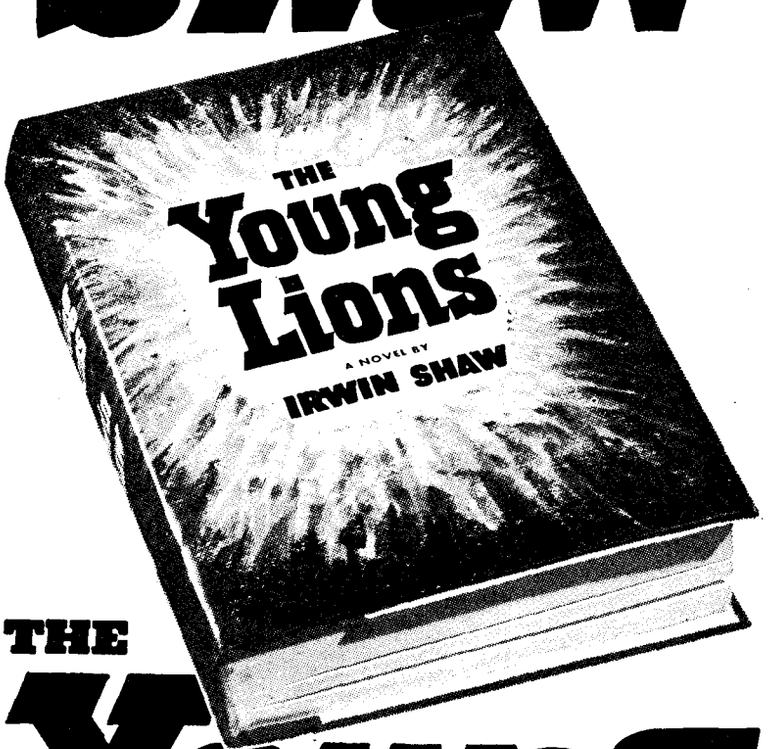
Irwin Shaw



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he sent it to me by special delivery.

One day he approached me very gravely. "What do you say we eat that peanut, son?" he suggested. We made quite a ceremony of it. . . .

SOME YEARS AGO, Margaret Mitchell was confined to her bed by injuries sustained in an automobile crash. She spent her time reading books, and finished them so quickly that her husband, John Marsh, was kept busy hauling them back and forth between the public library and her sickroom. In a moment of desperation, he exclaimed, "For Pete's sake, Peggy, can't you write a book instead of reading thousands of them?" "The very next day," avers Margaret Mitchell, "I started mapping the plot of 'Gone with the Wind'." . . . David Guy Powers, author of "Live a New Life," tells about a young doctor who went to Scotland for his health. While he was there, he wrote a novel, but threw it away in a fit of impatience when it failed to measure up to the standard he had set for himself. "I'll never write again," he told himself. Shortly thereafter, he saw a gnarled old Scotsman diligently ditching a bog, but making scant progress. "My father started ditching here fifty years ago," he said doggedly, "and I'm keeping on with it. He knew, and I know too, that if it's only ditched enough, this will be a fine pasture some day." The young doctor, impressed, dug up his manuscript, and worked furiously on it for three more months. Then it was published: "Hatter's Castle" by A. J. Cronin. . . . In "Smile Please," Mildred Spurrier Topp recalls the day she and her sister, both in their teens, proposed to send a valentine, supposedly from their widowed mother, to a prominent judge who had shown marked, if discreet, signs of interest. Mildred wanted to use a new word she heard in Sunday school. "I'm not sure what it means," she confessed to her sister, "but it's in the Bible, so it must be O. K. Besides, it was used about King Solomon, so it's bound to be romancy enough for a valentine." That's how the judge came to receive a gaudy, lace-bedecked valentine that read:

> If you will be my valentine,
> I will be your concubine. . . .

I SUPPOSE THIS NOSTALGIC MOOD was evoked by the realization of my advancing years. My last birthday was a crusher. Only yesterday, it seems, Max Schuster and I were referring to ourselves as "the boy publishers." . . . Chris Morley had his own way of snapping me out of it. "Cheer up," he counseled heartily. "After all, you'll never be as old as your jokes."

BENNETT CERF.

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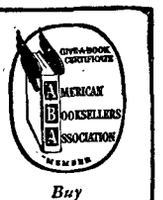

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The Saturday Review of Literature

"Roosevelt and Hopkins"

The Years of Desperation and Victory

ELMER DAVIS

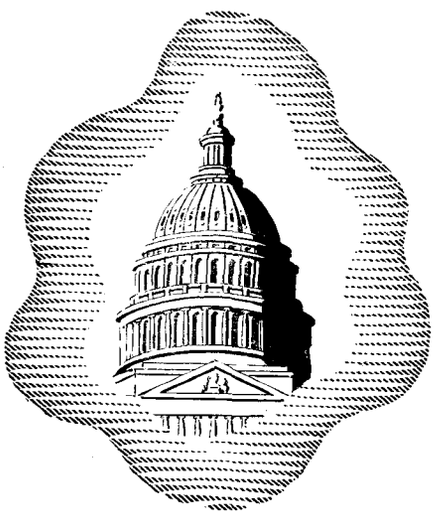
—Palmer.

Elmer Davis

THE late Harry Hopkins is probably remembered by many newspaper readers as the man who said: "The people are too damn dumb to understand," and: "We'll tax and tax, and spend and spend, and elect and elect"; neither of which he ever said. (The men responsible for this latter story, when they could not substantiate it, took refuge in the explanation that, anyway, that must have been what he meant; in the former case he had said only that some people are too dumb to understand certain things, a proposition not easily controverted.) Millions of other people remember him as the administrator and champion of a work program but for which they would have been dependent on a continually diminishing and more grudging charity. And the men who won the greatest war of all time remember him as the indispensable agent of the leader of their coalition. The best Secretary of War in American history called Hopkins a godsend; the greatest military commander in American history said that his service to his country will never even vaguely be appreciated. Other men of course said other things; as his biographer dryly observes, he was fortunate beyond most men in having such enemies and such friends.

The enemies—who were primarily Roosevelt's enemies — made most of the noise, in his lifetime and since, winning triumphs over the dead that they were never able to achieve over the living. Their dancing on Hopkins's grave, and Roosevelt's, is no great matter; Charles II had Cromwell's bones dug up and scattered, in spite of which Charles II does not quite occupy Cromwell's place in history. Nevertheless it was time for a counterstatement of the facts, which Sherwood has given us with a conscientiousness that can hardly be too highly praised. Originally he was asked to finish a book which it turned out that Hopkins, at his death, had not even begun; he had collected an enormous amount of material, but before Sherwood was through he had to see everybody, get every version of controverted stories. And because the later and greater Hopkins was only Roosevelt's will in action, the book turned out to be, for the war years, a biography of two men instead of one. "Roosevelt deliberately educated Hopkins in the arts and sciences of politics and war and then gave him immense powers of decision for no reason other than that he liked him, trusted him, and needed him." Hopkins liked to call himself the office boy; actually he was, as Harold Smith said, a sort of civilian Chief of Staff to the man whom T. V. Soong called the Commander-in-Chief of the United Nations.

For writing such a dual biography Sherwood is admirably equipped. He was an unofficial member of the White House staff; he writes a book* that is a pleasure to read; and not the least of his merits is that being a playwright, professionally concerned with exploring the complexities of character, he knows enough about it to know how much he does not know. He attempts no "psychograph" of Roosevelt; Hopkins was a far simpler character, but Sherwood does not always explain him; he merely sets down the record—all of the record. Nothing is extenuated; what needs extenuation seems to some of us trivial beside the accomplishment, but Sherwood sets it down anyway; it happened, and he reports all that happened, good and bad. It is a rare biographer who faithfully chronicles not only the errors of his subject, but his own. Not less admirable is his restraint. It must have been a temptation to characterize some of the men who still foam at the mouth, but Sherwood's contempt for them must be read between the lines; the only hostile writer criticized by name is a man so respectable that he might have been expected to be more responsible.



THIS may be as near an approach as we shall ever get to a summary of the way things looked from the White House in those days. Sherwood makes no such claim; he deliberately refrained from consulting Mrs. Roosevelt, so as not to involve her in even indirect responsibility for what he writes; but unless she ("keeper of and spokesman for her husband's conscience," as Sherwood rightly calls her) some day tells us how it seemed to her, there is likely to be no report on better authority than this. It is also the best contribution so far to the history of the war—better even than the Stimson memoirs, since it incorporates a multitude of immensely valuable documents. It may be surpassed by Churchill's later volumes—or maybe not, for Roosevelt, after all, unlike Churchill (or Stalin), was

*ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS: An Intimate History. By Robert E. Sherwood. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 962 pp. $6.

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fighting two wars at once; Pacific problems that were only peripheral to Churchill were vital to him.

To review such a book—nearly a thousand pages (you should read the notes too) and every page crying for quotation—is impossible. The excerpts published in *Collier's,* chosen presumably for news value, give a quite inadequate impression of the total flow of a narrative which carries the United States from the years of desperation and insufficiency to global victory. But there is another story in it—a story that George Ade might have written, or at least begun; the small-town boy who made good in the big city, but with a difference.

* * *

HARRY HOPKINS became a social worker because when he finished college in Iowa he wanted to go to New York, and the job he could get in New York was in a settlement house. He made good, but he never made any money, there or elsewhere; he lived and died broke. When he got any money he spent it—his own or others' money, as his biographer observes—and he spent public money to far better purpose than his own. All his life, says Sherwood, he had a touch of the Iowa collegian on the town; he was flattered when his enemies called him a playboy but he made his race-track bets at the two-dollar window; he liked to think he was quite a drinker, but in fact he didn't drink much, though anything was too much for a man with his stomach. As late as 1941 he could display an inverted snobbery at the thought that he, an Iowa harness-maker's son, was in the Kremlin; till an unkind friend cut him down with the observation that the representative of the President of the United States had a right to go anywhere, and that, anyway, harness-makers' sons were no novelty in the Kremlin.

But that was not very important. The Hopkins that counted was the man whom Churchill called Root-of-the-Matter, who held, with Marshal Foch, that the question is "De quoi s'agit-il?" A man who saw the main point and went right to it and did something about it. "When Roosevelt contemplated a subject," says Sherwood, "his mind roamed all around it" (and it might be added that too often his action roamed all around it too, doing in a circle what he might have done in a straight line). "He considered it in its relation to past, present, and future. Hopkins was interested only in thrusting straight through to its heart and then acting on it." Between them, they were quite a team.

Hopkins in his principal job in New York turned the surplus of the Tuberculosis Association into a deficit; nevertheless the directors voted him a resolution of "most hearty gratitude." When the hard times came on he went to Albany to work for Roosevelt, at first under Jesse Straus; it seems to have taken some time before he became at all intimate with Roosevelt; the two men were immensely different in background and temperament; but on one point they were in agreement—that (as Lord Acton put it) "those who have the heaviest 'stake in the country' are those for whom misgovernment means not mortified pride or stinted luxury but want and pain." He was not Roosevelt's first choice as administrator of the Federal relief program; but he was chosen eventually, and as Roosevelt wrote later: "Action had to be immediate; it was immediate." Hopkins's impatience of red tape was valuable (and was to be invaluable later); he was instructed by the President to operate the relief program non-politically and he did, so long as Congress would let him. His administration of it evoked furious denunciation—some of it political, some of it based on the theory that so long as the rich were eating all right it was wasteful to do anything for the poor. But it saved the self-respect, and in some cases the lives, of countless people when no other means to that end were available; incidentally it contributed something to maintaining some of our military establishments when Army appropriations were hard to get, and gave Hopkins an acquaintance and friendship with certain military officers — notably Marshall and Somervell—which was to be highly important later on. And nobody ever claimed that Hopkins ever got any of the money he spent.

About 1938 Hopkins became convinced that Roosevelt had picked him as his successor; Sherwood is convinced too, though the notes acknowledge that some of Roosevelt's other intimates doubt it. However, Hopkins's records seem to make it clear that he had got the nod, whatever the nod was worth so far in advance. To build him up he was made Secretary of Commerce (B. M. Baruch said he ought to be made Secretary of War, since the War Department was going to be the important one — a piece of clairvoyance both about international politics and about Hopkins which is remarkable, for the beginning of 1938). Hopkins began to further his own candidacy by activities which Sherwood (who never had to run for office) regards as discreditable, though no more so than Lincoln's when he was working for the nomination. But Hopkins's stomach ulcers had become a cancer; in 1937 he had to have two-thirds of his stomach cut out; and a recurrence a year or two later, not of the cancer but

THE AUTHOR: Through Robert Emmet Sherwood's veins course the blood and spirit of the immortal Irishman for whom he is named. World War I clipped his education, found him with the Canadian Black Watch Regiment—probably the longest-legged rookie in kilts. (He is 6′7″.) Gassed at Vimy Ridge and wounded, he resolved that war should not come again. His play "Acropolis" lashing at Hitler in 1933 wasn't successful. The prophetic "Idiot's Delight," in 1936, was. Neither they nor "There Shall Be No Night," in 1940, pacified many martial breasts, but the last two won Pulitzer Prizes, as did 1938's "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." He helped organize the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies, poured royalties in the American Red Cross and Finnish relief, initiated the "Stop Hitler Now" posters. As OWI director of overseas operations he went to England, France, and the Pacific. He gave Roosevelt full devotion and a considerable talent for eloquence—FDR's. Mr. Sherwood is reported, with some exaggeration, to talk about ten words a minute. His reputation for rapid writing, however, is apparently unchallengeable. "The Petrified Forest" took him four weeks, "Reunion in Vienna," three. For literary activity he prefers the hum of traffic to crickets, fond as he is of his farm at Great Enton, Surrey, where he summers. Legend says he edited a children's magazine in New Rochelle when seven, revised "A Tale of Two Cities" when eight, had a play polished for production when ten. His Harvard *Lampoon* parody of *Vanity Fair* secured him the dramatic editorship of that magazine in 1919. In *Life*, which he edited in 1924-28, he began one of the first columns of cinema criticism. "The Rugged Path," in 1945, was his last play. Now he'd like to try a musical. The state of the world looks about the same to him as it does to anyone else. —R. G.

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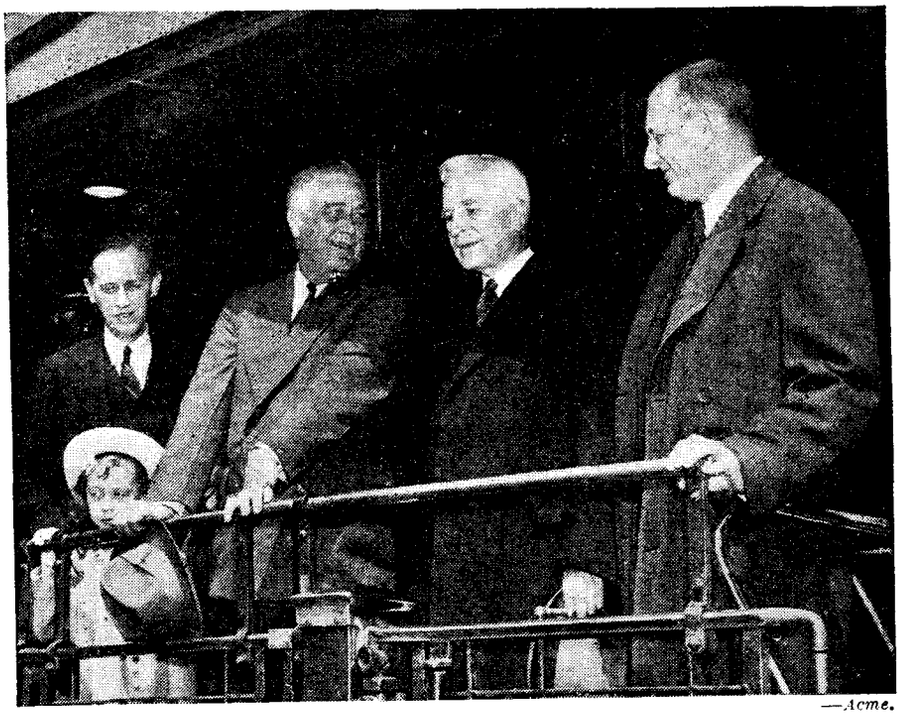
of a string of subsidiary ailments which finally killed him, "drained him of all personal ambition." Thereafter he had no purpose but to serve his country and the man on whose leadership he was convinced the country was dependent.

Thus, after "Roosevelt had converted him to war purposes," he became the Hopkins who was Roosevelt's first personal envoy to Churchill, when it became possible to do something for England; who was a sort of benevolent uncle of Lend-Lease during its entire existence; who could be sent to the Kremlin, when Hitler turned Russia from an ally into an enemy, with no written instructions at all—merely with a note to Stalin that he could talk to Hopkins as if he were Roosevelt. The man whom all the leaders of the alliance regarded as only a part of Roosevelt—the part that could get around more easily; who understood what Roosevelt wanted, or would want, better than anybody else, and did not hesitate to take major decisions when Roosevelt could not be reached because he believed that was what Roosevelt would have done. And the decisions were right, for Roosevelt had trained him in high politics and grand strategy till men like Churchill and Marshall regarded him as an equal in competence as well as authority.

And he did all this when he was a sick man—though he ignored his illness when he could, and went right on drinking and getting married, and also working harder than most men even in a war government. Once he gave as an excuse for not doing something the need of caring for his health; Sherwood observes that if he had attached any importance to his own survival he would have spent the war in bed living on liver extract. And his primary devotion was not to an individual but to the United States. After his return from his last mission to Moscow—undertaken not for Roosevelt but for Truman—he looked pretty nearly dead, and he was dead a few months later. But that trip had enabled the United Nations to get off the ground; if it comes apart in flight, as now seems possible, that is nothing Hopkins could have prevented.

* * *

OF the history of those years a reviewer can touch only a few high spots. One of them is the question of the command of the cross-Channel invasion, over which there was a flurry in the winter of 1943-44. Unofficial Army publications started the story that Marshall was to be put in command because "powerful influences" wanted to get him out as Chief of Staff; Hopkins was named and the



—*Acme.*

Harry L. Hopkins, Diane Hopkins, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, and Henry Morgenthau, Jr., . . . "second guessers do not explain what they would have done."

Washington Times-Herald (always helpful to the war effort, but not our war effort) embellished this into a story that Hopkins meant to turn the war into a global WPA.

It was a complete phony, of course. Hopkins and Marshall had been close friends since before the war; Marshall told Sherwood that he thinks his appointment as Chief of Staff was primarily due to Hopkins. (Frederick Palmer, more plausibly, believes that Pershing's preference was decisive.) For command of the cross-Channel invasion — which might never have come off if Marshall (and Roosevelt) had not continually insisted on it against British reluctance and Churchill's incurable preference for "eccentric operations" — Marshall was the original choice of Roosevelt, of Stimson, and incidentally of Hopkins, as well as of Churchill when he realized that there must be an American commander. He did not get the job because his colleagues in the Joint Chiefs of Staff—Leahy, Arnold, and above all King—insisted that they could not spare him in Washington; they would even have accepted Sir John Dill as cross-Channel commander, rather than lose Marshall from the group responsible for global direction of the war. And they were right; Marshall as cross-Channel commander would have been brilliant, but proved not to be indispensable. No other Chief of Staff could have replaced his global grasp of the war, or the moral authority, reinforcing his official authority, which was needed to check the incurable disease of "localitis" in certain theatre commanders.

Buried in a footnote on page 956 (presumably because it came in too late for the body of the book) is an extremely important item on Charles de Gaulle, who may play a larger part in the history of the future than of the past. Mr. Roosevelt used to tell the story that at Casablanca De Gaulle had compared himself one day to Joan of Arc and the next to Clemenceau; Hopkins wrote that the story was pure fiction though the President told it as representing the impression De Gaulle made on him and perhaps came finally to believe it himself. But in a conversation with Admiral Stark just before the Casablanca conference De Gaulle said something that may have furnished the basis for this story; it was, however, a very accurate and far less egotistic interpretation of French history, which puts De Gaulle in a much more favorable light. He is undoubtedly a difficult person; that difficulty may have been partly responsible for Roosevelt's French policy, and so was what Sherwood calls "the deplorable tendency of the State Department to hold and repeatedly to assert old grudges." Nevertheless the French policy (after Darlan's removal, at least) was a mistake, and largely Roosevelt's individual mistake. He made plenty of mistakes; but as the late Harold Smith, a non-political expert in government, observed, five or six or seven per cent of what he did went wrong; ninety-three or -four or -five per cent went right, including the winning of the biggest war in history. All human works are imperfect, as Alexander

(*Continued on page* 35)

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U. S. A. *The age of Roosevelt has come alive again this year in a series of important memoirs and histories. Perhaps the most exciting and revealing of the lot is Robert Sherwood's "Roosevelt and Hopkins." Other important memoirs have been those of Stimson, of Hull, and of Farley. Dixon Wecter's "The Age of the Great Depression" gives one of the first balanced historical views of the New Deal peroid; for a brilliantly controversial analysis of the same years we recommend Richard Hofstadter's chapter on Roosevelt in his "The American Political Tradition." Other aspects of the Roosevelt era are covered in "The War Lords of Washington," reviewed here, C. H. Pritchett's "The Roosevelt Court," and the forthcoming second instalment of "F.D.R.: His Personal Letters."*

Explosions on the Home Front

THE WAR LORDS OF WASHINGTON. By Bruce Catton. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1948. 313 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELIOT JANEWAY

IN 1946 Bruce Catton wrote "Arsenal of Democracy," by Donald Nelson. This new book he has written for his own signature is incomparably better. To be sure, it has many faults. Catton's style hashes purple prose and Press Club jargon into a spectacular mess of sloppy shorthand and stilted verbosity. But warmth and sincerity and a zealous involvement with ideals shine through all his overwriting and underediting. "Please send a book," an elderly lady from Hickville once wrote the Book-of-the-Month Club. "It will help." Catton's book will help.

Catton has an important story to tell—how the public was and was not kept informed of mobilization progress. And he would have produced a much more useful book if he had limited it to this problem. Instead, as his lurid title suggests, he has undertaken a far more ambitious task—an analysis not merely of the administration of public relations for the Home Front, but of the Home Front itself. This confusion of purpose blurs the point of the discussion of public relations and distorts the larger problem of mobilization into a phase of public relations.

As a history of Home Front public relations the book would have rendered the service of introducing one of the significant heroes of wartime Washington—Robert Horton, the first information chief of the emergency agencies, a man feared inside Washington and unknown outside, a figure of rare integrity and toughness of mind. For months Horton lived a precarious existence in the middle of a scissors play. A prewar New Dealer, he fought remorselessly for rationality of purpose and efficiency of method in the defense effort, and this provoked the defenders of Administration methods to cut him from one side and the hatchetmen of the lobbies to cut him from the other.

Catton's first chapter tells more than many a book. It describes a dinner party Donald Nelson gave for Henry Wallace, his fellow giant of those days. The date was December 4, 1941. "The heir-apparent to the New Deal dynasty was mingling socially with blue-chip industrialists . . . and nobody felt quite natural about it." As usual, Frank Knox manned the wind machines. "We're all ready for them," bellowed Knox. "We've had our plans worked out for twenty years." After the important men had made their speeches, Horton asked for the floor.

> "The other afternoon I had to go over to the Navy Department," he said. "It was a little before four o'clock . . . I was almost trampled underfoot by captains and admirals rushing out with golf bags over their shoulders" . . . (Knox leaned over to Nelson and whispered savagely . . . "Who *is* the son of a bitch?") "But the thing that really bothers me," Horton went on, "is something that happened last week . . . on a little Coast Guard patrol boat. We were down around Norfolk, and late in the day the skipper . . . decided . . . to cruise up to the Navy yard . . . We not only cruised up to the yard, but we cruised all through it. Now I've heard a lot about Navy security measures lately. Some of the news we've tried to get out, over at OPM, has been held up because the Navy objected that it would violate security. But . . . one of the top military secrets right now is the fact that the British aircraft carrier *Illustrious* is in the yard at Norfolk for repairs. Well, we cruised right by her dock . . . Anyhow . . . we wanted to tie up somewhere and make a phone call. So we headed into the nearest place, which happened to be one of those big new Navy installations . . . We came in, after dark, and tied up at a pier where there were three or four minesweepers . . . Nobody challenged us . . . We could have been spies, saboteurs, anything—but the Navy, which is touchy about the press releases that come out of OPM, let us wander all over that base, after dark, for upwards of half an hour, without once bothering to find out who we were or what our business was. We could have blown the whole place to pieces. . . " Horton paused, and looked coldly at Knox, who by now was painfully close to apoplexy. "Mister Secretary," he said, "I don't think your Navy is ready."

Bruce Catton . . . purple prose, Press Club jargon, and an important story to tell.

Horton was a working newspaperman and a maverick. In the fight for full disclosure by the military to the public (within the limits of security) he was an expendable. But during the climactic phase of the war, Horton was vindicated. The fight he began was finished by a respectable newspaper publisher—Palmer Hoyt, now of the *Denver Post*. But this far into his real subject Catton does not go. Instead, he wanders off into a complicated and pathetic series of apologies for Donald Nelson. This lowers his sights from the problem of public relations to one of its less fortunate promotions.

Nelson was thrust into command of the Home Front by the combined intriguing of those twin aldermen of the élite — Felix Frankfurter and Lord Beaverbrook. Roosevelt was about to offer the responsibility to Mr. Justice Douglas. To stop him, both Frankfurter and Beaverbrook would have cheerfully rushed into the arms of the witches in "Macbeth." They found each other instead, and produced Nelson. Once installed, Nelson was never more than a front man for undercover manipulators. To the extent that he operated on his own, he broke faith with every man whose work he was supposed to coordinate. His buildup as a business technician screened his po-

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litical operations, first with Wallace (whom Catton takes seriously), and then with Truman as an accomplice in the latter's shrewd and stealthy plot to steal the Vice Presidency in 1944. But Nelson and his clique hoped to the end to pit Wallace and Truman against one another in order to squeeze Nelson himself—this model of a "liberal businessman"—into the Presidential succession.

The subtitle describes this book as an "inside history." But Catton is altogether unaware of how the power politicians were playing Nelson, and of how Nelson was playing politics. Frankfurter organized his Tammany on both sides of every fence in sight. He controlled the top patronage in the War Department, in the State Department (which was feuding with it), and in a strategic sector of the emergency agencies—including at one point the information setup—which were feuding with both departments. But Catton does not mention him once; and, indeed, at the level at which Catton writes, Frankfurter does not seem to be a factor.

Actually, for all Catton's hero-worship of Nelson, the rugged and admirable character who emerges from the Horton saga turns out to be Knudsen, whom Nelson undercut and supplanted. Two of Catton's Knudsen - Horton stories must belong in the permanent text of how the war was won. Item: "I understand you're resigning," Horton said. Knudsen looked up blankly. "Who? Me?" "Yes, it says here in the morning paper you're going to quit." *"Me?"* repeated Knudsen, honestly bewildered. "Yes. The story says you don't want the President re-elected so you're resigning. If you are we can get a release out on it." "Me resign?", said Knudsen. "Me quit the President? Why—why, *he calls me Bill!"*

Item: "Read that," said Knudsen to Horton, handing him an anonymous "memorandum on Defense Publicity" which elaborately "exposed" the fact that Horton was not an NAM press agent. "Give me three guesses where that came from?" he asked. "I give you no guesses," said Knudsen. "Okay," said Horton, "what are you going to do with it?" "Do with it? I'm going to file it," said Knudsen, tossing the memo into a basket.

The book makes another fine contribution in illustrating the way Roosevelt worked. He never let peace break out among his appointees, for he believed that the real winner of their fights would be the country. Item: in February 1941, as the defense effort was running out of steel, Stettinius approved the famous Gano Dunn Report denying the need for new steel capacity. Worse still, he prevailed upon Roosevelt to issue the report himself. But talk of a steel shortage persisted, and most of it came through the channels of the same OPM that sponsored the Dunn Report. Stettinius needled Roosevelt into branding the prediction of a steel shortage a lie, but Roosevelt allowed Horton to go on telling the press that many experts inside OPM were positive a steel shortage was at hand. Item: After Pearl Harbor, OPM officially calculated our war production capacity at $33,000,000,000, while OPM's own Division of Research and Statistics, which projected the Victory Program, calculated the then production peak at $45,000,000,000. Both cases show that OPM was badly administered but not as badly as if Roosevelt had allowed its management to work as an independent team. Roosevelt did not believe in monolithic unity in any form. His critics called him a bad administrator and, indeed, he insisted that his administration be a house divided. In this way he whipped up a furious competition in ideas, and kept the country insured against the inevitable limitations of any single factional or personal view. Bad administration was a price Roosevelt was happy to pay for free competition in ideas.

Communism in America

THE WHOLE OF THEIR LIVES. By Benjamin Gitlow. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 387 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MARTIN EBON

BENJAMIN GITLOW was one of America's leading Communists during the 1920's. Twice he ran for Vice President of the United States on the Communist Party ticket. He resisted Russian control over Communism in America. For this he was expelled from the Party in 1929, when Stalin consolidated his control over the apparatus of world Communism.

Gitlow told his story in detail, nine years ago, in his autobiography, "I Confess." It is still one of the most valuable and dramatic first-hand accounts of American Communism during its period of adolescence. His new book is less personal. It is, on the whole, detached and analytical. Only occasionally does Gitlow the reporter and analyst give way to Gitlow the pamphleteer and orator.

The author sets out to write the story of Communism in America as a "personal history" and an "intimate portrayal of its leaders." He does not attempt to give more than sketches of such leading figures as William Z. Foster, Earl Browder, or Eugene Dennis. This is a serious lack, particularly in the case of Dennis, who may one day replace the ailing Foster as America's Number One Communist. Gitlow is more concerned with such men as John Reed, who died when his hopes in the Communist cause had been shattered by the harsh realities of Comintern intrigues. He writes of Louis C. Fraina, the dialectical dynamo, who disappeared into Mexico with something that may have been $386,000. And he paints a sorrowful picture of IWW chief "Big Bill" Haywood's last months in Russia.

Two episodes described in this book seem to me of unusual interest: The Passaic Textile Workers Strike of 1925; the disappearance and, according to Gitlow, murder of Juliet Stuart Poyntz. Gitlow writes that the Passaic affair goes back to a small, one-inch item he read in the New York newspapers, saying that wage cuts were contemplated in Jersey woolen mills. He was at that time head of the New York Industrial Department of the Communist Party, and in a position to set the Party's elaborate strike machinery in motion.

Gitlow apparently continued his contacts with certain Communist Party members even after he had left the movement. He is therefore as good a secondary source as any for an account of the still unsolved disappearance of Miss Poyntz, once one of the Party's leading figures, from her New York apartment in 1937. According to Gitlow, she was lured to a side path in Central Park by a Communist editor, who had been her close friend in earlier days. Miss Poyntz, according to this account, was taken in a car to Dutchess County, where she was killed and buried. Her apparent crime: she had been a member of the Soviet Secret Service, but had been found wavering, and had fallen under suspicion of planning to write about her experiences as an OGPU agent.

Aside from these episodes, which are told with care and restraint, there is little that is "new" in this book, as that word is so often used on the

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literary marketplace. Much of it was contained in Gitlow's earlier book. But here we have a documented analysis of Communist strike strategies, of Communist infiltration tactics during the bonus march on Washington, and of all-out efforts to maintain the Party's influence in labor unions. After analyzing the Ford strike, the author states: "Once the Communists can duplicate nationally that which they succeeded in doing in Detroit, American liberty will hang in the balance, for the Communists will be in a position to strike successfully at the foundations of the American way of life."

This is a book rich in documentation. It is written from intimate knowledge. All in all, it is easily worth a dozen ill-prepared, publicity-seeking, and inconclusive Congressional investigations.

Martin Ebon is the author of "World Communism Today."

My Current Reading

Lauritz Lebrecht Hommel Melchior, beloved Danish-born operatic tenor, has long been associated with the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth in Germany and with the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York. Of late he has been appearing in films and on the radio.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH RED HAIR, *by Hugh Walpole (George H. Doran)*

FAIRY TALES, *by Hans Christian Andersen*

WORDS TO LIVE BY, *edited by William Nichols (Simon & Schuster)*

LIFE OF MOZART, *by Stendhal*

THE EPIC OF BEOWULF

HUNTER'S HOLIDAYS, *by Jack Hambleton (Longmans, Green)*

RUSSIAN JOURNAL, *by John Steinbeck, with photographs by Capa (Viking)*

AMERICAN DUCK, GOOSE, AND BRANT SHOOTING, *by William Arthur Bruette (Scribner)*

Serpents in Free-Enterprise Eden

THE AMERICAN ECONOMY: Its Problems and Prospects. By Sumner H. Schlichter. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press. 1948. 214 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

THIS is a sense-making, up-to-date job on the American economy from an apologist and defender who is realist enough to see that it is having plenty of functional difficulties, with probably more to come. Throughout, consistently, if sometimes by implication only, it raises the basic economic question of our times: How much can we preserve of the manifest benefits of a private-enterprise system in a society whose industrial, financial, and social complexities are constantly tempting it deeper into socialization?

Professor Schlichter has a keen, practical eye for what the merits of private enterprise are. He cites the presence of 9,800,000 separate enterprises in the United States—6,000,000 of them in agriculture, 3,800,000 in business and industry—any one of which "may be the birthplace of a new idea, the place where an innovation is started." And while the chances of a revolutionary production idea's getting started in a Bronx shoeshine parlor of 1948 may be less than were the chances of Cyrus McCormick's inventing a mechanical reaper on his farm in 1831, the professor is right in claiming that the competitiveness of American business still stirs even big industry to take advantage of each new increase of technical knowledge in its research and invention laboratories.

In Western Europe, where cartels—themselves a form of vested-interest socialization—have more government blessings and consumers' habits are more static, these incentives are less active. In the socialized countries, mainly of the Soviet Russian bloc, competition and invention obviously must move through different channels, and it is Professor Schlichter's presumption that many improvements will be checked by government bureaucracies.

But this Eden of automatic progress through competition is beset by large and inevitable serpents—most of them still growing. For instance, Professor Schlichter declares, the American economy is constantly becoming "more laboristic." Since most of the population are employees of one sort of enterprise or another, the professor agrees that this is as it should be. Nevertheless, it does raise the question of how far the labor unions and Government collective-bargaining legislation can go without destroying the basic incentive—mainly of profit-motive—to bring newborn ideas and new inventions into use. Generally speaking, though in highly different phraseology, it is the Schlichter idea that union leaders and industrial bosses should sit down together and work out plans in each individual negotiation, to keep the private-enterprise system going strong.

Again, in so charming a consumers' market as competitive industry affords us, spending tends to increase at a faster rate than capital accumulation. And present taxing systems plus Government rules and regulations imposed upon private business are checking accumulation still further. Thus the "works" of the clock of economic progress are losing power in the United States, if not exactly as yet running down. Professor Schlichter thinks something could be done to restore the balance by revising and coordinating the Government's economic-regulations system in the light of the private-enterprise system's needs—and, perhaps, by imposing income and excess profit taxes on a basis of five-year averages.

Despite its preferences for private initiative, this is no hatchet job against the New Deal like Professor F. A. Hayek's. Dr. Schlichter goes for public-works spending, as an economy-balancing measure, and for unemployment compensation "as high relative to wage loss as can be done without causing large numbers of persons to prefer unemployment to work." He probably will shock American Medical Association die-hards for professional free enterprise by saying that "it is obviously preposterous that anyone should fail to obtain medical service because he is unable to pay for it, or that he should have to receive medical service as charity rather than as a matter of right." Plainly, he thinks private enterprisers should be willing, as practical men, to spend until it hurts keeping up mass purchasing power and the masses' productive efficiency.

One gap in the discussion, though, distresses this reviewer. Professor Schlichter makes only the sketchiest references to the threatened exhaustion of raw-material resources in the United States. This leaves one feeling a good deal as if a savant had delivered a lecture of relatively penultimate wisdom on how to drive and repair an automobile, without bothering the class's pretty heads about where the materials to make one were coming from—after World War III, say.

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Fiction. *Two collections of American short stories, reviewed this week, have become over the years literary institutions. "The Best American Short Stories," now edited by Martha Foley, was founded by one of the creators of our literary Renaissance, Edward J. O'Brien, in 1915. "Prize Stories of 1948," the latest of the thirty-year-old O. Henry Award Collections, was edited, as in recent years, by Herschell Brickel, with the able assistance of his wife, Norma. To the publisher, the literary agent, the critical moralist, and the student of changing American thought, they provide invaluable source material. But to the young writers who find their stories elevated from their hiding places in the "little" magazines, they give invaluable encouragement, the first leaf of the laurel wreath they hope to discover on their heads some day.*

Mr. Bromfield Comes Back

THE WILD COUNTRY. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 274 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

SOME years ago Louis Bromfield wrote that of all his books he liked best his third and his sixth, "The Case of Miss Annie Sprague" and "The Farm." He left out his first novel, "The Green Bay Tree," which some critics still consider his finest, and its successor, "Early Autumn," which won the Pulitzer Prize for 1926. Few young novelists have ever had a better start: three distinguished novels in four years and the nation's foremost literary award. His career since then has upset a good many people. He began to write novels and short stories with the surface glitter and glamor that led them straight into the popular magazines paying the highest prices, and inevitably to Hollywood. He exhibited a superb talent for writing what the majority of people wanted to read and to see later in local movie houses. Nevertheless, he was as readable as ever; and while he was treated for a time as a man who had sold his birthright of fame for a mess of pottage, those who knew him suspected that there was more to it than that.

In the first place, Mr. Bromfield was too vital and inventive a person, too eager to see all of life, to be put into a box labeled "promising literary genius." He was as solidly attached to the earth as any Knut Hamsun, but his curiosity and his zest for life had sent him to Paris in the Twenties, and he was attracted by the social and cafe life of the Continent, and then of New York, Bombay, and way stations in between. As a novelist he has been essentially interested in women; and it is not wholly to his discredit that he studied them in penthouses and the homes of the wealthy, instead of in villages and farmhouses.

In 1933, he bought a thousand-or-so-acre farm near his birthplace in Ohio and became passionately absorbed in making it a model of efficiency for the whole state. Now, it takes a great deal of money to mechanize and apply the latest ideas in the drainage and restoration of famished soil to a farm of this size. Again, who can blame him for gaining the necessary cash with his typewriter in the easiest way possible? He was perhaps the first of our popular writers to be interested in land conservation and to do something about it, not only in his writing but in lecturing about it at his own expense all over the country. His return to Ohio had no relation to the "back-to-the-land" writers who, after making their pile, buy an estate in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, nor was it a conversion to the simple life; he went back to the farm because he knew that he had always belonged there. Even ten years ago it was not mere guesswork that something worth while would come out of it.

—A painting by J. Anthony Wills.

Louis Bromfield—"all the forces [in the book] that make for the human drama of good and evil are loosed."

Well, it has! In the opinion of this writer Mr. Bromfield's latest book, "The Wild Country," is one of the best novels of American country life that has been written in a good many years; and it is also one of the most understanding and sympathetic stories of the growth of a boy from adolescence to young manhood. Obviously, in Paris and New York and points East and West, the writer had not forgotten his boyhood fascination with everything that grew and flourished on the land he came from, the minnows in the creeks, the seeds sprouting in the rich loam of the fields, the calves and foals in the pastures, and the scent of mint and flowers and the sweet odor of hay and of clean barns.

All of this is in his book, as well as the evil that man can bring into paradise itself; for Mr. Bromfield sees in the few square miles in which Ronnie grew up a microcosm of the whole world. Ronnie's parents had died when he was a child and he had been brought up by his distinguished and humane grandfather, now retired to his prosperous stock farm and the great house built in the days of General Grant. As the author lovingly paints him, he was indeed a great man, Senator, Ambassador, and judge, with a kind of sterling honesty and nobility about him that the author conveys to the reader without sentimentality.

The novel begins when Ronnie is thirteen, knowing as a farm boy the innocent fact of reproduction but not yet aware that mankind had made of it the root of sin and misery. There are older people who contribute to the boy's enlightenment. First came his grandfather; then the judge's sister, a bird-like, intuitive, and unconventional old lady; then Wayne, an earthy and unpleasantly over-virile young lawyer, a protégé of his grandfather who came often to the valley; finally Henry, a young farmer, clean and strong, and the Polish woman Vinnie he had brought from St. Louis as his wife. There were others who contributed to his education, especially a nasty-minded and filthy old farmer and the half-witted girl he misused. As the drama of sex and finally of murder comes to its inevitable conclusion, Ronnie is drawn into it, and from it derives the conclusions and verdicts that are to stand him in good stead all his life.

For Vinnie had been what the country people called a "chippie"; she had been found by Henry on a park bench in the city, and after a rapid wooing brought to his farm to be his helper, his mate, and the mother of his chil-

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dren. No one knew, except the unhappy Polish girl, that it had been Wayne, Ronnie's youthful idol, who had seduced her, and that she had helplessly drifted into a brief time of prostitution before Henry, ignorant of her past, had brought her to the valley. When Wayne returns and will not let her alone, and when old Virgil finds out that they have been together, all of the forces that make for the human drama of good and evil are loosed. That they have a clean ending for the boy, and that he is not harmed by the sudden revelation of man's brutality and ugliness, are due to his grandfather's intelligence and love for him, and to Ronnie's own good sense, for he finally realizes that he loved the woman who had married his older friend and that she was wholly good, no matter what her past had been. If it is a happy ending, it is not contrived. As Mr. Bromfield writes, "Nothing that had happened had been an accident because the seeds of drama and tragedy had been there all the time and the pattern was little different from other patterns of drama and tragedy everywhere, a pattern in which love and avarice and lust and greed and poverty all played their roles."

There is no telling whether Louis Bromfield will write a finer novel than this in the future, or whether he will become the Secretary of Agriculture in a new administration, an ambition he once announced; but at any rate, the reader will be grateful that he came back to live close to the land where he was born, and will hope for more novels that have the sensivitity and insight and honesty of "The Wild Country."

Warriors of Ancient Israel

MY GLORIOUS BROTHERS. By Howard Fast. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1948. 280 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

HOWARD FAST here offers us the tremendously dramatic chronicle of the Maccabees. To most Gentiles these five mighty sons of a majestic father are vaguely known as warriors whose exploits are related in the Apocrypha, often included in the big old-fashioned Bibles but regrettably missing from the most modern ones. Among Jews, their restoration of the defiled Temple is annually commemorated in the Feast of Lights, or *Channukah*.

The tale is a stirring piece of heroic pageantry purporting to be narrated by Simon, last surviving of the brothers. It tells how the old man, Mattathias, and his sons John, Simon, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan rallied the land of Judea to perform the near-miracle of throwing off the vicious tyranny of Antiochus Epiphanes and the last degenerate remnant of a Greek empire. It relates how Judas and his brothers acquired the name "Maccabee," which might mean "hammer," but in any case signifies a great leader risen out of the people.

Mattathias is vividly drawn—a Judaean John Brown to the life. Simon, the narrator, emerges warmly. But Judas—the great Maccabee—who is repeatedly said to possess "the power to make people love you more than life itself" remains a shadowy figure, his quality never captured. He tends toward set speeches and it is particularly amusing to hear him assert to the assembled people: "I want only those who have nothing to lose but the chains that bind them."

The pattern of actions tends to repeat itself. The style sometimes seems falsely rhapsodic and strained, even though this is involved in the characterization of the narrator. There is an unfortunate note of false piety throughout.

But late in the book occurs a digression called "The Report of the Legate Lentulus Silanus" to the Roman Senate on what manner of people the Jews are. This is positively brilliant and well worth the price of the book. In style, characterization, and its searching presentation of one theory of the sources of anti-Semitism I think it outstrips anything else Fast has ever done. I have felt him to be guilty, usually, of oversimplification, but the report of Lentulus has complexity and penetration. This section, with a brief epilogue of the same excellence, brings the book to a close powerful in effect—but which I find inconclusive as to meaning.

I am tempted to challenge Mr. Fast's premises. He stresses heavily the text: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." Now this is a piece of dogmatic theology open to question. For though this is a valiant tale, I think Mr. Fast errs in presenting it as one of the greatest glories of Israel and by implication a lesson for today. These brave deeds would not live but for the lofty heritage in which they are embedded. They are somewhat atavistic, a throwback to the primitive, tribal-god phase of the unfolding Jewish spiritual insight. In such as Isaiah, or Koheleth, or Micah is the glory. Great were the warriors of Israel but greater the prophets. All nations and tribes have had their Maccabees, but only one people brought forth the Book. Mr. Fast celebrates a moment in which the people of the Book become a people of the sword, with no enduring results. It is a questionable appraisal of values.

"When will Israel or the world see your like again?" is asked concerning Judas. Ah—he has been seen again and again. He is a resource the race of man has always been able to produce—what Toynbee calls "the savior with the sword." He restored the Temple. What is it now? After him, fighting the Romans as Judas fought the Greeks, came Bar Kochba, the Star. Where are the Hammer and the Star now? Yet the Book endures, and its people. It was not Judas Maccabeus who made them survive, but they and he.

—From the jacket of "My Glorious Brothers."

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The Winners for '47

PRIZE STORIES OF 1948: The O. Henry Awards. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell. New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. 1948. 292 *pp.* $3.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES. 1948. *Edited by Martha Foley. New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.* 1948. 370 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

THE thirtieth-anniversary appearance of this short-story collection finds the incumbent editor, Herschel Brickell, casting a backward glance at the first volume, which appeared in 1919. Times and the American short story, it is clearly evident, have changed. Ever hear of Margaret Prescott Montague? She won a prize for what was considered the best short story published in a periodical that year. Other stories were chosen from such magazines as *Popular, Live Stories,* and *Ainslee's,* now defunct and rather unlamented. *American Magazine,* the *Post,* and *Ladies Home Journal* produced stories for the collection, although they seldom do nowadays. And in that first volume were such promising names as Ben Ames Williams, Fannie Hurst, James Branch Cabell, and Edna Ferber.

But all this nostalgia aside, the "O. Henry Prize Stories" managed then to mirror the contemporary short-story scene, and does so now. And the dedicatory note which begins this edition of the stories helps to explain the somewhat unpromising beginning made by the series: ". . . to the memory of Sherwood Anderson, whose 'Winesburg, Ohio,' appeared the same year as the first volume of the anthology and marked a turning point in the development of the American short-story." Plot paid off in those days, and it took a writer like Anderson and a short-story critic like Edward J. O'Brien to fight the good fight against what used to be called the machine-made story. Most of the stories in this year's volume would hardly have been called stories at all by most editors in those days.

But, although the fight against the artificially made story seems to have been won for some time, this year's haul is not up to others made in previous years. Not that there aren't good stories in the volume—there are at least half a dozen which would have been noteworthy in any year—but there are more disappointments than usual. High on the latter list is the prize winner itself, a story by Truman Capote. "Shut a Final Door" does have some remarkably good writing in it, but it seems far too fuzzy in conception to me, and it continues in a less effective way than usual this young man's preoccupation with the pathological mental state.

"Beyond the Glass Mountain," by Wallace Stegner, won the second prize. It is a splendidly done story of the reunion of two old college friends, but the material the author worked with has a disturbingly familiar ring. Ray Bradbury's story "Powerhouse" was given third prize, and, although Mr. Bradbury has done better than this, he continues with it to show a fine imaginative gift.

Herschel Brickell finds, in his introduction, that the most notable feature of today's short-story situation "is the absence of any large number of steady producers of tales of quality and originality." But, he remarks, new writers keep coming up to save the day. The day is presumably saved this year by nine new writers whose "first" stories were selected for the anthology.

Very few of the "first" stories are particularly exciting. James B. Gidney's "The Muse and Mr. Parkinson" stands out somewhat in this group. His story of a well-known poet who kept his identity concealed in a suburban garb and setting has a lot of humor and ironic bite. "The Professor and the Puli," by Robert Morse, tells about a neurotic professor and a sulki dog in a mildly amusing way but at too great a length. William R. Shelton contributes a quietly effective piece called "The Snow Girl," and Elliott Grennard won the special prize in this category with "Sparrow's Last Jump." The latter is a colorful and disturbing story of a psychopathic jazz musician, told in the vernacular, but it seems vaguely reminiscent to me of other and better pieces by Eudora Welty and Dorothy Baker.

Martha Foley, in her rival anthology, found the "little" magazines somewhat sterile of late, concentrating more on writing about writing them than on writing. But Mr. Brickell selects seven of his twenty-three stories from small-audience magazines like the *Kenyon* and *Sewanee Reviews,* and such little-known journals as *Epoch* and *University of Kansas City Review.* Of these stories, I much preferred "The Plan," by Sidney Sulkin, which was first published in *Kenyon Review* and recently in Miss Foley's anthology. This story of displaced people is heartbreakingly real. Frank Brookhouser writes an accomplished and poignant study of a war-lacerated marriage in "She Did Not Cry at All" (*University of Kansas City Review*), and Ray B. West, Jr., a "little"-magazine editor himself, tells the warm, perceptive story of a mountain climb in "The Ascent" (*Epoch*). These three stories alone would make a decent argument against Miss Foley's assertion.

* * *

ONE thing is apparent immediately about Martha Foley's 1948 selection of "The Best American Short Stories." It is the almost total absence of the kind of experimentation with style and technique so noticeable in the volumes Edward J. O'Brien, Miss Foley's predecessor, compiled. American story writers seem to have finished with experimentation for the time being; they have looked askance at *avant-garde* tendencies and have decided, instead, to write good stories as knowingly, as clearly, and competently as they know how. As a result, the over-all level of the twenty-eight stories in this book is remarkably high. There is a fine polish laid upon them. Perhaps this accounts for a feeling of uniformity among them, as though each author could have written stories by some of the others.

It's the individual stamp which seems to be missing, the kind of stamp that writers like Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, and Fitzgerald placed upon their shorter work. You didn't have to read far before you knew whose story you were reading. The one exception that might be found is "The Whole World Knows," by Eudora Welty. Her gifted and highly individualized quality is as apparent as ever in her mordant story of small-town jealousy, although it is not as effectively told as some of her others.

In the introduction Miss Foley speaks of the "feeling of tension, of expectancy, of breathless awaiting of the unknown" in the majority of stories she has picked. Certainly it is a tangible feeling, one that comes from reading Sidney Sulkin's "The Plan," from Robert Lowry's sensitive

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piece about "The Terror in the Streets" of Greenwich Village, and from "Beyond the Glass Mountains," by Wallace Stegner (which was also an O. Henry prize story).

But more than that is the sense of what has been left out by our story writers. It's as though they've avoided the issues, hesitated to tackle the all-pervasive problems of our time and have instead focused on tiny segments of experience and emotion. Yes, the ever-present and painful racial problem has been dealt with by Lance Jeffers in "The Dawn Swings In"—perhaps the most poorly written of the stories and one in which nothing has been said that has not been better said before. Overtones left over from the war are explored in John A. Lynch's "The Burden," in "Fly, Fly, Little Dove," by Philip Garrigan, and in "Miami-New York," a movingly told story by Martha Gellhorn. But from the stories alone, it would be hard to tell that they were written two years or so after the concussion of the first atomic bomb, shortly after the finish of history's most convulsive war, and in the midst of a remorseless tug-of-war between the two strongest powers on earth.

And perhaps it is this very shying away which is responsible for what Miss Foley noticed during her reading of the thousands of short stories which appeared during 1947 in our magazines: a re-emergence of the ghost story and the tale of fantasy.

Why she has not reprinted some of these stories she does not adequately explain and she admits, quite frankly, that she may have made a mistake by not doing so. She even makes mention of one of these: "The Hour After Westerly," a fascinating and eerie story by Robert M. Coates, which appeared in *The New Yorker* and which would have been more than worthy of inclusion. She does include a fantasy by John Cheever, which I would give a nod to as the best in the crop. This deals excitingly and effectively with an extraordinarily sensitive radio purchased by a young couple living in a New York apartment house. The radio has the power to tune in other apartments in the building, laying bare, depressingly, all the secret, sordid goings-on ordinarily hidden by the honeycomb of walls.

As usual, there is little affirmation of any kind to be found among the stories. It is there, mutedly, in "A Letter to Mr. Priest," by Margaret Cousins, a story which outlines the quiet, good life of a small-town lawyer. And it can be found, more surprisingly, in E. B. White's "The Second Tree from the Corner," near which Mr. Trexler glimpsed ". . . in the jungle of his fear . . . the flashy tail feathers of the bird courage." But in the others it's all that tension, that expectancy, you find. And if the ghost stories have been left out, there is nevertheless a ghost to be found haunting the pages, one that Miss Foley specifies as "the specter of undefined guilt." As when the doctor asks Mr. Trexler: "Ever have any bizarre thoughts?" and then watches his patient for any slight change of expression, any wince, with Mr. Trexler wondering whether to tell the doctor about that day on the Madison Avenue bus.

Amor Vincit Omnia

ALL HALLOWS' EVE. By Charles Williams. New York: Pellegrini & Cudahy, Inc. 1948. 277 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

CHARLES WILLIAMS is practically unknown on this side of the Atlantic; and aside from a handful of distinguished literary devotees headed by T. S. Eliot, Dorothy Sayers, and C. S. Lewis, it is fairly safe to say that his remarkable novels are not even very widely known in his native England. It is to be hoped that the publication of this first of a series of his works to be brought out over here will earn this sadly neglected artist the sizeable audience he has long deserved.

Harrison Smith, commenting on the growing influence of fantasy on modern writers in his article "The Rise of Fantasy in Literature," in *The American Scholar,* reminds us that fantasy has, after all, its own literary genre; it is no longer to be treated as the novelist's step-child. Certainly the work of Charles Williams, "All Hallows' Eve" in particular, proves that one can write about the supernatural, and project the weird and fantastic, in such a compelling manner as to appeal to any reader of modern novels. Moreover, such vivid imaginative writing as is found in Charles Williams's novels stands quite alone today; for try as we may to compare him to Poe, Henry James, A. E. Coppard, Arthur Machen, Algernon Blackwood, G. K. Chesterton, or M. R. James—whose ghosts have somewhat the same liveliness as Williams's wandering spirits—we cannot ignore the peculiar qualities of Williams's genius. As T. S. Eliot suggests in his glowing introduction, reading Charles Williams is an unforgetable experience on more than one count.

First of all, Williams is writing about events and people the nature of which would ordinarily tax the credulity of most readers. But his vast knowledge of necromancy and the occult is tempered by a still stronger insight into the spiritual world, an intimacy with souls struggling in a limbo between heaven and hell. And when he is not joyfully, confidently leading us by the hand along the passages of time, through the city of the dead, he is plumbing the very depths of our moral distress, showing us, with a breathtaking reality we never encountered before in any reproduction of the spirit world, how love conquers all, even the Satanic powers, when that love is as great and as wonderful as that which exists between the lovers in his tale.

One has to admit that for sheer imaginative writing there has been nothing like this novel in years. Although Williams employs the usual props of the ghost story—demons, vampires, magicians, evil spells—we never find that the total effect of his novel is merely one of cumulative horror. This customary effect in thrillers—and Williams is a master of the macabre thriller—is scored out by Williams's mysticism. For in a profound sense, he is a writer of religious thrillers. Throughout his earlier "Descent Into Hell" and "The Figure of Beatrice," there is the continual theme of the conflict of good and evil. Only Williams, as T. S. Eliot

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 279

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 279 will be found in the next issue.

GAP GOB BZZCRPK BZ

DPDBFT LFP RBMMPRGCBH

LHN NCKGFCSEGCBH.

KLDEPM XBAHKBH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 278

Imagination is more important than knowledge.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.

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observes, is not a conventional moralist; "his morality is that of the Gospels."

Hitherto we have heard vague references to the battle of good and evil in the world. Here we have it presented in palpable form. Evil in these pages even has a foul smell and a shuddering sound associated with it. It is hideous, loathsome; just as good is conversely described in terms of ambient light, air, and cool, flowing water. Perhaps the real appeal of Williams's writing lies in the fact that he is as much at home in the supernatural world as he is in our own. It soon becomes impossible to tell which characters in his book are living, which dead, or rather the reader becomes so absorbed that he no longer is disturbed by their being alive or dead.

The reader may get some idea of what to expect when he learns that the setting of this ghost story is postwar London. Visualize a group of people moving back and forth between the twilight world of the dead and the modern, thriving city of London. Lester, a young bride, and Evelyn, her friend, who were killed in a plane crash, move into a limbo where the newly dead must wander until they receive grace or damnation. It is a sort of purgatory of souls where associations and memories of mortal life make the stay sometimes painful for them. But for some this waiting period is a blessing. Lester manages to convey to her widower husband, Richard, the power of her love for him, of the good such love can do for others, be-

(*Continued on page* 28)

Ideas and Studies. *It is useful to remember that the more established sciences, such as physics, biology, chemistry, and geology, like the social sciences today, were once rent with dissension between opposing camps. In the eighteenth century "Plutonians" fought with "Neptunians," "uniformists" with "catastrophists" over the manner in which the earth had been formed. But today, in these sciences, there is a large measure of agreement on basic theories. In the future the social sciences—now not more than a hundred years old—may have thrashed out their differences, too; and we shall see a new day in the study of man's relations with his fellow men. . . . We review below a significant survey by Stuart Chase of the recent achievements of the social sciences. Leonard Doob's "Public Opinion and Propaganda" (reviewed on page 18 of this issue) illustrates specific applications of certain aspects of the social sciences.*

What the Social Scientists Know

THE PROPER STUDY OF MANKIND. By Stuart Chase. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 311 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by LINDSAY ROGERS

FEW, if any, publicists now writing surpass Mr. Stuart Chase in ability to enter a new intellectual terrain, study its topographical features, and explain them so that the hitherto ignorant will understand. Mr. Chase does his explaining in terse and homely prose which retains the layman's interest even when it deals with matters of exceptional difficulty. Moreover —and this is a triumph—the choice of striking ways of presenting facts never neglects to keep them accurate.

Nearly twenty years ago, Mr. Chase took two massive volumes published by the National Bureau of Economic Research, "Recent Economic Changes," and summarized their findings in a brilliant pamphlet, "Prosperity: Fact or Myth." Now, after many different voyages successfully completed, he reports on his most recent and most venturesome exploration—the "dark continent of future knowledge" in the social sciences. He has gone over an enormous literature put out by anthropologists, sociologists, psychologists, economists, political scientists, and human geographers. With material sufficient for "nearly 3,000 5 x 8 cards—the hard core from which the present book is written," his project began to get out of hand. It seemed "too big and too complicated for one man to be responsible for." But he was reassured when Wesley Mitchell wrote him "a note saying in effect 'Be yourself'." If Mr. Chase has truly followed that injunction, he shows himself to be a man of ebullient enthusiasms.

What the social scientists have found out is a great deal, and Mr. Chase enumerates many advancements in knowledge. The psychologists were quite successful in devising tests to determine whether men in the Air Forces were likely to be good pilots. Studies of samples and observations of behavior and production under different conditions have thrown a great deal of new light on labor-management problems. The economists have found out a great many things, but they still differ with each other, and the "author regretfully concludes that economics is not a science, at least not yet."

But skepticism of this sort is rare. For the most part, Mr. Chase is admiring and hopeful. Indeed, some of

"Funny . . . had my wallet right in my hand when you started to tape me."

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the abler social scientists show greater caution in their judgments. Thus, Professor Samuel Stouffer, whose work Mr. Chase cites, told the American Philosophical Society last spring that social science "has many more programs and promises of performance than it has evidences of performance," and added that "at least those regions of social science with which I have most familiarity" did not as yet "have a body of tested theory from which many deductions can be made applicable to new concrete situations." He thought that many times use was made of "common sense and not explicit scientific theory."

In a chapter called "Scientists Look at Race," Mr. Chase says that "it has taken scientific teamwork of a high order to get the facts of race together." On the team were historians (migrations), sociologists (group organizations), biologists (genetics), anthropologists (culture), and psychologists (intelligence). He discusses efforts to improve race relations but does not sound the note which Mr. Donald Young, an authority in this field, sounded a year ago when he said that "literally millions of dollars have been spent since World War I for the direct purpose of reducing interracial tensions; and no student of race relations nor anyone else has demonstrated the value of one type of activity compared with another."

Mr. Chase devotes two chapters to the efforts that have been made to measure public opinion. Even though he has written a book on semantics (and now devotes a chapter to the subject), he does not ask whether the pollers really "measure." They tabulate the yeses, noes, and no-opinions —the curbstone replies from the portion (frequently small) of a sample of the electorate which has some information on the subject of the question that is asked. Is this "measurement"?

And what do the pollers seek to measure? Mr. Chase attended their conference at Williamstown a year ago but apparently not the session at which it was admitted that there was "no general agreement on what the public is and what opinion is." At a conference the previous year there had been no session devoted to discussing the "nature of public opinion" for the reason, it was explained, that there is "agreement when people don't talk about it and disagreement when they do." When they are at work, it would appear, the pollers have to maintain silence (at least so far as their fellows are concerned) on what it is that they are measuring. One is not surprised, therefore, by the suggestion made at the conference that "what passes for public-opinion polls should carry some other label."

In explaining how material culture grows "according to exponential law —like compound interest," Mr. Chase tells the story of a farmer who wanted his horse shod:

> The blacksmith said he would charge one cent for the first nail, two cents for the second nail, four cents for the third, and so on until the job was done. That seemed reasonable enough to the farmer, and he accepted the offer. But the farmer had not fooled around with exponential curves. For eight nails in each shoe, or thirty nails altogether, the bill came to just $42,949,672.95! (You may take your pencil to it—the way I did when I first heard the story.)

I do not propose to use a pencil and am willing to take Mr. Chase's word for all of the figures save the last.

Duping the Populace

PUBLIC OPINION AND PROPAGANDA. By Leonard W. Doob. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1948. 568 pp. $5.

Reviewed by LUCIEN WARNER

IF THIS book were to be bought and read by one of the two groups at which it is aimed, "the consumers of propaganda," it would outsell the Bible. Everyone in civilized communities who is capable of comprehending symbols is a propaganda consumer, whether he likes it or not. Furthermore, if the book were comprehended by this wide audience many prospering individuals would have to change their colors or go out of business. These are the individuals whose bread is buttered by turning out action-producing propaganda. Among them are many politicians, advertisers, public-relations counsels, radio comedians, ministers of the gospel, and labor leaders, to mention a handful. Fortunately for the purveyors of propaganda the textbookish characteristics of the volume, its length, its lack of emotion, the nature of its humor, will certainly keep it off the best-seller lists. Thus the innocence of the believing public will be preserved.

The propaganda purveyors themselves, as well as college students and teachers, will find "Public Opinion and Propaganda" worth reading. In the social sciences it will be required reading. The first six chapters provide in brief the psychological and cultural background of public opinion. The next three deal with the theory and mechanics of public-opinion measurement. Some techni-

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

SCRAMBLED MYSTERY STORIES AND WRITERS

Frances M. Rich, of Chicago, invites you to unscramble the titles of these twenty-five mystery stories and their authors. Allowing four points for each correct deciphering, a score of sixty makes you a Lecoq ("a miserable bungler"), seventy-two puts you on a par with Tobias Gregson ("the smartest of the Scotland Yarders"), and eighty or better makes you another Mycroft ("the tidiest and most orderly brain of any man living"). Answers are on page 28.

1. The Robe of Dulad	Rus Toxet
2. A Saturday in Scelt	Alan Doconey
3. The Mighty von Spoo	Spencur Middin
4. Warning to Hero in Power	Lady Hazel Beits
5. The Huge Lake of St. Scelcy	Ellen Grant Randyeers
6. Oh Awful Yeahs	Nelly Ereque
7. Valley of Merwelly	Ronald MacHendray
8. The Graded Rank	Bertram Hoening
9. Under the Little Rope	Leander O'Plaga
10. Enjoy Fortune, Ira	Carl Meiber
11. A Theft in Adaro	Martin Fowler Clefs
12. Back a Scheme	Harriet W. Watpicton
13. Sister Clara Chateuric	Herbert Noris Marryat
14. Mute from Ridenur	Elkanah Coblis
15. Rude Wetric Triumphs	Horace X. Menogorge
16. Why Nitwit Managers Close Taps	Emma Jacsin
17. Ann Hit Them	Hallie D. Matthems
18. Straying in St. Manetebin	Lance Minsheen
19. The More Gory	Stephen Diplot
20. O, Win Men with Hate	Lowell I. Kinsic
21. Hun Note Troubles Cat	Jenny Plessow
22. Last on Ireni	Storey Shorday
23. My Goblin Hill Totem	Rose Flidle
24. Late Wilbur Hylk	Terry E. Gothege
25. She Haunted Judd McPurrny	Doris C. Tackner

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cians and practioners will find faults in this section, but that is inevitable in a rapidly developing field. Then follows the most rewarding section of the volume, eight chapters which carry the propaganda process from the initial urge to influence a public to the culmination of the effort in mass behavior. Finally there are three good chapters on the media.

The book is richly illustrated with examples of propagandists in action. Because of Professor Doob's extra-curricular background these are largely drawn from Government operations. In themselves they make interesting reading. Further examples stem from analysis of newspapers and other documents. Less widely represented is commercial propagandizing.

Subject to comment is Professor Doob's remark concerning election forecasts as a justification for the use of polling methods in other fields: "Polls cannot coast along on the prestige they have acquired from this single instance [predicting the successful candidate]." The commercial and social use of polling techniques does not need a push every four years. Such research is running under its own power. The fuel is the experience of employers, advertisers, publishers, social scientists, and others who find they deal best with their publics when using all valid methods of studying them, including polls. It is quite possible that some of this year's election forecasts will be less accurate than those of 1940 and 1944 (for reasons beyond the scope of this review). Even though all the polls should miss the mark widely, which they won't, opinion research will not be tossed out with the bath.

At the end of the text are five important pages apologetically referred to in the preface as not forming "an underlying motif of the book." These pages deal with the ethical problems which every scientist, however objective, faces within himself: "What is the portent of my studies in terms of human needs?" We hope Professor Doob will expand these five pages in a future volume.

If a Free Society Is to Be Preserved

INDIVIDUALISM AND ECONOMIC ORDER. By Friedrich A. Hayek. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1948. 271 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

"FEW discoveries are more irritating than those which expose the pedigree of ideas." With that motto, drawn from the writings of Lord Acton, Dr. Hayek introduced "The Road to Serfdom" four years ago. Read in a more positive spirit the same motto could serve as well for the present collection of essays. Those who know how ideas grow into action, Dr. Hayek would seem to say, can influence not the history of their own time but that of the next generation.

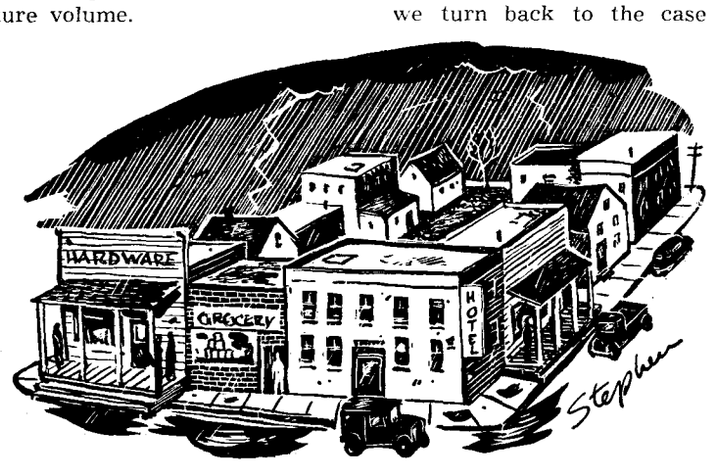
> I do not find myself often agreeing with the late Lord Keynes [he says], but he has never said a truer thing than when he wrote, on a subject on which his own experience has singularly qualified him to speak, that the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed the world is ruled by little else. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back . . . there are not many who are influenced by new theories after they are twenty-five or thirty years of age, so that the ideas which politicians and even agitators apply are not likely to be the newest. But, soon or late, it is ideas, not vested interests, which are dangerous for good and evil.

On those grounds, Dr. Hayek is principally concerned with the beliefs that must be broadcast now if a free society is to be preserved tomorrow, and he denies in the same breath that he is above politics, or irresponsibly wandering in the clouds as so many of his opponents asserted. He implies, rather, that he is ahead. This may very likely be true, but there is something lacking in his tactics. Suppose we turn back to the case of Lord Keynes, whose influence grew to such dimensions between the First and Second World wars. Dr. Hayek speaks of it with a touch of irony.

The irony, however, obscures a simple fact. In his runaway non-fiction best seller "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," Lord Keynes flatly announced the forthcoming collapse of Europe twenty-five years before he was sent here as a receiver in bankruptcy. Now Dr. Hayek announces that the ball, so to speak, will be carried in the opposite direction; that is to say, toward progress, which requires freedom, instead of toward security, which requires regulation. As in 1920 the goalposts are clearly visible, but Dr. Hayek is an unaggressive man; he hesitates under the public eye. He plays a bold game on the blackboard but fumbles constantly on the field.

> The hopelessness of the prospect for the near future is due mainly to the fact that no organized political group anywhere is in favor of a truly free system . . . the practical politicians are probably right . . . we must probably assume that many of [the public's] basic values are at least fixed for a much longer time and to some extent entirely beyond the scope of reasoning. To some extent it may be our task to show that the aims which our generation has set itself are incompatible or conflicting . . . we shall probably find that in some respects certain moral aims have firmly established themselves for the satisfaction of which in a free society suitable techniques can be found.

Dr. Hayek speaks with authority as an economist; his theoretical differences with Socialists are set forth in three long essays which brilliantly disprove the idea that an economic system such as ours can be planned from the top down, *i.e.*, without the pricing process of the competitive market. As a political philosopher he depends not so much on the facts of political life as we experience them today as on the programmatic liberalism which flourished and died in the Old World during the past century—and in particular on the chief exponents of that trend of thought, Acton and De Tocqueville. He does not appear to be aware that there were other liberals who wrote a constitution and established a government which, despite much modification, continues to flourish. He has apparently never studied the workings of a liberal government as he has studied the data of economics. That is the reason why he does not know what to tell us to do and can only say what, on the one hand, we should avoid, and on the other hand to what we should aspire.



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Les Allusions Trouvées

CLIFTON FADIMAN

"LES ILLUSIONS PERDUES" is the title of a novel by *Balzac, Honoré de* (see p. 71); *Les Allusions Trouvées* might well be the title of "The Reader's Encyclopedia." Here, in one stout (*Stout, Rex Todhunter,* p. 1074) volume are assembled 18,499 allusions—literary, semi-literary, crypto-literary, sub-literary, historical, political, artistic, musical, geographical, mythological, Biblical, curious, facetious—ingeniously cross-referenced and arranged alphabetically. (I miss an entry for *alphabet,* Mr. Benét's principal collaborator, whose assistance may be said to have been literally invaluable.) This *olla podrida* (p. 796) or *omnium gatherum* (no entry) begins with the distinguishing mark of *Prynne, Hester* (p. 888) and concludes with *Zwingli, Ulrich* (p. 1242), that fortunate character the superlatively ultimate spelling of whose name assures him a dictionary immortality.

Tightly wedged between the scarlet letter and the moral reformer are 18,497 entries, ranging from a single line to extended essaylets of two thousand words and criss-crossing the field of literary reference in more directions, in greater variety, and with higher authority than does any similar work that has come to my attention. All such compilations, of course, lean on other compilations, and this *summa* of compilations is no exception. For Brewer begat *A Dictionary of Phrase and Fable* and *The Reader's Handbook,* and these begat *Crowell's Handbook for Readers and Writers* and *Crowell* begat "an intermediate reviser, Miss Irene Hendry, whose work, never before appearing in print," begat Benét. It is true, however, as the editor says, that this "is no mere revision, but veritably a new book." It represents the labors of a distinguished editor and a corps of trained literary beagles over a period of ten years. Before the result we can only bow our heads in referential awe.

What marks Mr. Benét's work as superior to its predecessors and rivals is not only its greater inclusiveness; not only its enlargement of the basic idea of literary allusion, so that it draws in thousands of entries bearing on esthetics, science, philosophy, economics, history, politics, religion, art, drama, and music; not only its ingenious working of these reference-lodes to make them yield the pure metal of literary information—see, or *vide,* for instance, *Napoleon* (p. 756); and not only the exhaustive up-dating which makes it truly modern and which is, of course, its principal *raison d'être* (*Fr.* p. 904).

What transforms "The Reader's Encyclopedia" into a kind of masterpiece among miscellanies is simply the mind of Mr. Benét. Mr. Benét is not merely a compiler, but a scholar; he is not merely learned, he is educated. The evidences of his mental temper are not traceable in any single entry. They permeate the entire book. They reveal themselves in his treatment of such current controversies as *existentialism* (p. 357). They show up in his bold but justifiable rationings of space, so that Auden and Isherwood's *Dog Beneath the Skin* (p. 305) gets forty-one lines, the *Divine Comedy* (p. 301) only eleven lines more. *The Earwickers* (p. 328) of *Finnegans Wake* (p. 382) drift and mumble through a whole page. *Metaphysical poets* (p. 717) receives extended treatment whereas *imagism* (p. 536) rates a mere paragraph. Such niceties of judgment could have been made only by a cultivated literary critic, acutely sensitive to what interests the modern reader. They could never have been made by a compiler, however conscientious.

The editor's trained touch shows itself also in his concise but adequate summation—see the entries for *Joyce, Finnegans Wake, Freud, The Waste Land,* and *Proust,* for example, or the sound miniature essays on *courtly love* (p. 248) and *dadaism* (p. 268). Sometimes Mr. Benét turns the trick in a sentence: nothing could be traceable for *Evans, Caradoc* (p. 355) than "Welsh anti-Welsh novelist, playwright, and journalist." Occasionally he carries succinctness pretty far: *Eucken's* (p. 352) "tenets can best be described as representing a metaphysical idealism of ethical activism." (If this is how they can best be described, I am all agog [*Gog,* p. 441] to know how they can worst be described.) Also it is inevitable that Mr. Benét should encounter good-natured disagreements over minor points of judgment. For example, I hold him guilty of a tiny injustice in failing to stress in his entry for *Mencken, Henry Louis* (p. 711) the work of that redoubtable *Great Cham* (p. 194) in the field of the American language. It's pronounced *Kam,* one of the many things I didn't know till now, to borrow a phrase from *Winchell, Walter* (p. 1216).

THE literature of knowledge, as *De Quincey, Thomas* (p. 290) called it, tends to dulness, a danger Mr. Benét avoids mainly by the use of a clear, clean, vigorous English, in contrast to Compiler's or fileted English. Furthermore on occasion he rescues from *Limbo* (p. 634) good standard risibilia. Irwin Edman's philosophy "has been called a blend of Plato, Santayana, and Manhattan"; "It has been said that all the books dealing with the secret of Hegel have managed to keep it." Thus, insofar as one can feel a man behind a dictionary—no easy trick—one feels him here.

Let us stress the fact that this encyclopedia is not exclusively literary. Let's employ the method of the *sortes virgiliance* (no entry). The book falls open at page 406. There are nine entries: *Freemasons, Sir Andrew Freeport, Free-Soil Party, Freestone State, free trade, free verse, Freischütz, Freki* and *Geri* (all right, who were they?), and *John Charles Frémont.* Only two of these allusions, perhaps are exclusively literary; but in most cases the literary connection—what the advertising agency boys call The Tie-in—is supplied. (Frémont wasn't literary, but his wife was). Occasionally Mr. Benét misses a small chance at The Tie-in: the reference to *mandarin* (p. 681), though informative, includes no allu-

THE READER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA: An Encyclopedia of World Literature and the Arts. Edited by William Rose Benét. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1948. 1,242 pp. $6. With thumb index. $6.75.

Carthage, 1948

By John Ackerson

STRAY modern villas, tan-brown ruins, green
Of earth that's mostly undisturbed, a wind
To fetch the galleys home; and I have seen
A face, a horse-head standard, scimitar
In ruthless grip. To all else he is blind,
His nostrils wide to drink the scent of war!

Friend Hannibal, I'll take this garden chair
Beside the road where ghosts walk to and fro;
I lift my glass, to Tanit's ruddy hair,
Then break it—I have clanged the well-worn blade
Back in its sheath; toward evening I will go
With but my faith to keep me unafraid.

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sion to the over-decorated prose style to which the word sometimes applies.

The main selling feature of "The Reader's Encyclopedia" is its modernity, carried often to the point of contemporaneity, which, of course, (Mr. Benét knows the risks) is also the point of incipient obsolescence. The editor's sense of the current is keen and almost infallible, so much so that the reader of modern literature, whether scholarly or casual, will find in these pages copious allusions to almost anything he is apt to have encountered between covers. An interesting discovery one makes is the extraordinary number of fairly common modern allusions that were born in the works of James Joyce. Joyce bids fair to be the Shakespeare or Pope of the reference-compilers of the twenty-first century.

At times Mr. Benét's private enthusiasms, some may think, break normal bounds. Kafka, for example, is his King Charles's head (dear me, no entry). Every fifty pages or so, one seems to smack up abruptly against long paragraphs dealing with the many misty characters of Kafka's not-very-much-read novels. By the way, the summary of Kafka's *Castle* (p. 186)—cheek to cheek with *Vernon* and *Irene*—is long but admirable.

One can, of course, pick microscopic flaws even in the editor's almost perfect flair for the up-to-date. There are seven interesting entries under *little* (p. 639) from *Little Corporal* to *Little Venice,* but no allusion to *Little Caesar,* perhaps our time's most famous diminutive. *Erlanger, Abraham Lincoln* (p. 348) is here, but not *Rose, Billy,* a circumstance that spoils Mr. Rose's record for ubiquity. (*Ubique,* p. 1151, is a poem by Kipling about the Royal Artillery). *Clairaudience* and *clairvoyance* (p. 216) make the team, but not the more vogueish term *extrasensory perception.*

ONE raises a mild *eye* (p. 358) brow at an occasional ignoring of the time-spirit. As *Malraux, André* (p. 678) is now a convinced Gaullist and has abjured his early *leftism* (p. 622), it perhaps dates one to say he is "known for his Marxist beliefs." To state that *Malthus* (p. 679) "became obsolete when the productive power of agriculture assumed undreamed-of dimensions" is to take rosy non-account of the lugubrious prophecies of the Neo-Malthusians such as Vogt and Osborn. The late *Beard, Charles Austin* (p. 85) may be "known for his liberal viewpoint" but he is equally known for the radical, or, better, conservative, shift in that viewpoint during his latter years.

Quite properly Mr. Benét makes little attempt to cover the wide field of modern slang. Even in his hemi-demi-semi-coverage, however, he is not 100% consistent. There is an excellent treatment of *soap opera* (p. 1045), but one sorely misses *disc jockey,* although the more recherché term *pancake turner* (p. 816) is supplied.

There are seven entries under *bird* (p. 111) but *bird, to get the* is not among them. One notes also that the two allusions under *wolf* (p. 1221) do not include the meaning which in our time has almost completely supplanted the zoological one.

In this connection it may be noted that "The Reader's Encyclopedia," designed for the family trade, is 99.44% pure. It skirts, because it cannot help doing so, the enormous *Serbonian Bog* (p. 1012) of contemporary off-color references, many of which, for good or ill, have found their way to the printed page. There are several *Hills* (p. 505) for example, but I do not find—she should rightly jostle *Hill, Grace Livingston* on p. 505—the most renowned of them, who was Fanny. I looked up *Fanny* (p. 365) to make sure, and here found another natural omission. (Mr. Benét will, of course, charge me with hindsight). The entries under *fag* and *fairy* are similarly incomplete.

To get back to Fanny for a moment, I learn on pages 877 and 878 that there are two *Fanny Prices,* one in *Mansfield Park* and one in *Of Human Bondage;* but I search in vain for *Fanny Brice,* though other stars of the entertainment world, including *Sophie Tucker,* have made the grade in fair quantity.

As for omissions, it is perhaps pointless to carp, when we consider that Mr. Benét, whose power of total recall exceeds that of *Mrs. Nickleby* (p. 772) has included thousands of names no one else would ever have thought of but whose acquaintance one is happy to make. I cite the useful *Peter Funk* (p. 413), or the chap named Murphy who in 1758 wrote a play called *The Upholsterers,*—so did *Lardner, Ringgold Wilmer* (p. 610)—or the Czech national poet who is actually named *Cech,* pronounced just as you would think, and whose first name is, lest we forget, *Svatopluk.*

STILL, one wonders why *Cobb, Tyrus Raymond* (p. 222) appears in the batting line-up, but no Di Maggio;

"I'll bet Sinclair Lewis could help with the housework and write a book at the same time."

why *Field, Marshall* (p. 379) is here, but not his son (II), who is perhaps of greater interest to us; why *B'nai B'rith* —instead of counting sheep try repeating *William-Rose-B'nai-B'rith*— shows up but not the sister-organization *Hadassah;* why the excellent *Everyman's Library* (p. 356) is listed, but not the excellent *Modern Library*—perhaps this was just a Random omission; why we are told about the cordial *chartreuse* (p. 199) but not the equally cordial *benedictine;* why *Frank Ward O'Malley* is in, but not the far more frequently quoted *Wilson Mizner;* why *marimba* and *xylophone* should be included but not *saxophone* nor the surrealistic *theremin;* why, among the many fascinating entries under *red* (p. 911), the useful herring showeth not his head or tail; why *war of nerves* (p. 1189) is carefully listed, but not the *cold war;* why among so many irons (p. 544) in the file, there

(*Continued on page 33*)

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Bookmarks

A MAN named T. Alfred Dymes once wrote a letter to George Gissing complaining about the inconveniences he had had to put up with as a consequence of Gissing's having christened one of the characters in "The Whirlpool" Felix Dymes. Gissing replied courteously and apologetically; the letter is listed in a catalogue issued recently by Charles S. Boesen of New York. "To invent names non-existent is impracticable," said Gissing, "and, all things considered, scarce a possibility."

We were curious to learn what sort of person the fictional Dymes might have been, to drive his namesake to the length of filing a formal protest. Felix Dymes's voice, we found, was "pretentious, coarse"; in aspect he was "a tall, bony young man, with a great deal of disorderly hair, and a shaven face; harsh-featured, sensual, utterly lacking in refinement." As the story progressed he became rather less appealing.

Production of Gissing's novels never kept the binderies working nights, but enough copies of "The Whirlpool" evidently got into circulation to make life transitorily unpleasant for the authentic Dymes, and after various acquaintances had greeted him with, "Well, how's harsh-featured, sensual, unrefined old Alf today?" or the equivalent, he put pen to paper—and preserved the reply, little realizing that he was thereby perpetuating the moment of his humiliation.

* * *

The pleasant custom of printing running heads on the right-hand pages of a book as one-line synopses of the contents of those pages has long since lapsed, save perhaps in some technical treatises. At least it isn't done in novels any more. The practice must have been expensive, alike in time and money. The heads could hardly have been fashioned until page proofs were available, and thus a book that was ready for the press run had to be held up while heads were written and set. Presumably their intent was to turn browsers into buyers, but from the point of view of the counting-room the end could hardly have justified the means.

Here, for example, is a sequence of running heads from Dickens's "Bleak House"—pages 359 to 369, odd numbers only, in the Chapman & Hall edition of 1890: "All in the Downs," "The Soot Is Falling, Surely," "The Pair of Conspirators," "Where Is He?," "The Court Excited," "A Dreadful Mystery." If "Bleak House" had just been published, would these trailers move you to buy it?

* * *

Back in the mid-Seventies, a teenage boy named Ernest V. Sutton traveled with his family from their grasshopper-ridden Minnesota farm to a new homesite in Dakota Territory. Sutton, now in his late eighties, and a resident of Pasadena, tells the story in his reminiscences, "A Life Worth Living," which was recently issued by the Trail's End Publishing Company in his latest home town.

The Dakota journey was made in two wagons. Lashed to the end of the rear wagon was a box of books, among them a set of Dickens. As the party was fording the Sioux River, the box slipped its moorings and was whisked downstream. Young Sutton was delighted to see it go. Back in Minnesota in the pre-grasshopper days, he had had to sit for bored hours while his elders read Dickens aloud to the family.

The Sutton family Bible, with its tables of vital statistics, was also in the box. In 1936, W. A. Spaulding, a Los Angeles resident who had become acquainted with Mr. Sutton, presented the Bible to him. Mr. Spaulding had acquired it from an unidentified and unlocated second-hand bookseller in the late Eighties.

Mr. Sutton reports that his Bible still shows signs of having been water-soaked. He does not say whether Ecclesiastes 11:1 is still legible.

* * *

No stylistic fixation is more absurd, more awkward, and more indefensible than the newspaper copyreader's terror of splitting compound verbs. But going to the other extreme is just as ridiculous—the splitting of a compound verb with such vehemence that it is all but imposible to find the chips. "He was, soon after his graduation from the United States Military Academy, fighting in the Southwest against the legendary Geronimo," declares a *New York Herald Tribune* editorial writer—it would have helped a little if the subject had graduated from Yale. And lest it be assumed that newspapermen are the only offenders, try a fragment of John Steinbeck's "The Wayward Bus." He is describing Breed's General Store: "And of late years it had, as did all country stores, added gas pumps and a stock of automobile accessories." Guess *that* would have floored the legendary Geronimo.

* * *

The function of punctuation is to lubricate the text—to make the sense slide easily into the reader's mind.

* * *

The late Robert Hunt Lyman, long editor of "The World Almanac," used to say: "The surer I am of a 'fact,' the more pains I take to verify it."

* * *

There is nothing so alive as yesterday's newspaper.

J. T. W.

The Orchard

By Margaret McGarvey

AND in my orchard joy hangs overlong,
Enticing none that once was bliss to share.
The wasps buzz thickly in the sickening air,
The droppings of the birds are on each rung
Of the ruined ladder where it leans among
The sprawling trees, a clumsy waiting stair
To fruit for which the passer does not care,
So quickly to young orchards moves the throng.

I should have known that their taste would be fleeting,
That autumn would come without bringing delight;
Say it's a tale too old for repeating,
But even the gleaner must come before night.
Joy's not a fruit for elderly eating,
Better by far that it suffer the blight.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Clear-Cut Catch

SIR: Reviewing "One Clear Call" [*SRL* Aug. 27], Maxwell Geismar makes this statement: "Mr. Sinclair's literary panorama of almost every important event and famous person in the contemporary historical scene has never won any clear-cut critical recognition, either as literature, history, folklore, propaganda, or fantasy." There appears to be a catch in the word "clear-cut." I can only tell your reviewer that I have before me a circular dealing with the first six volumes of the Lanny Budd series, which quotes perfectly clear-cut and unqualified praise from George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Thomas Mann, Theodore Dreiser, Albert Einstein, Phyllis Bottome, Lewis Browne, Irving Stone, W. E. Woodward, Pearl S. Buck, and a number of others. These are all creators, and Mr. Geismar may not call them critics. But there are also opinions, equally clear-cut, from reviewers of *The New York Times, New York Herald Tribune, New York Post,* and *New York World-Telegram, Time, Newsweek,* and *The New Yorker,* the London *Times* and *The Manchester Guardian. The New York Times Review of Books* says: "Something of a miracle . . . one of the nation's most valued literary properties." The *Herald Tribune* says: "This series of novels is the phenomenon of our times." The *Post* says: "Historian and maker of history, world citizen, and defender of world citizenship, Upton Sinclair, dean of American novelists, goes his quiet and powerful way writing the planetary saga of our era. . . . Sinclair has made history as exciting as a detective story, as beautiful as a tragic poem, and as real as a personal injury." *The Manchester Guardian* says: "Criticism kneels."

Mr. Geismar does not know that there is a service going on, but he seems to have observed that the congregation is behaving in a peculiar way.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

Monrovia, Calif.

Proper Place, Time, & Space

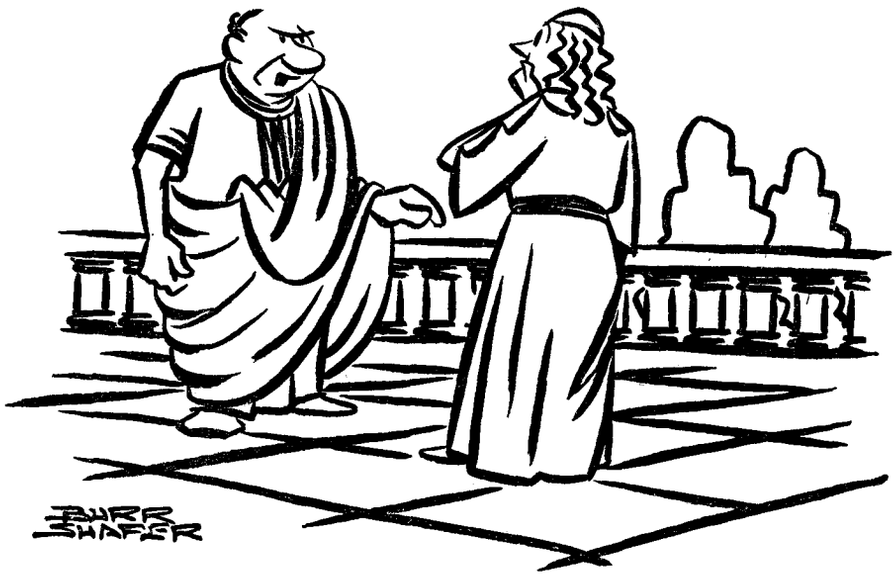
SIR: Those of us who have spent most of our lifetime in attempting to bring about world organization have used arguments showing what little changes in the attitudes of men are needed to start us towards a better world, but never have we said it quite as well as you have said it this time in your editorial "Don't Resign from the Human Race" [*SRL* Aug. 7].

There are, of course, many hopeful signs despite the pessimism which issues about the future, and probably the most hopeful one is the almost universal thought expressed by men who have given their life and energies to bringing about what has occurred in an understanding of our physical surroundings but who now realize that the key to decent living without everlasting fear is to discover man and the type of being he is, and should be.

I look forward to a completely new evaluation of the importance of the individual entity which we call man and this will be gained when once we have mastered his true nature and placed him in his proper place as to time and space.

ELBERT D. THOMAS.

United States Senator,
Washington, D. C.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"To hell with it—I've decided to join the barbarians."

Eighth Illusion

SIR: Mr. Edgar Ansell Mowrer's "Peace Pipe Dream" [*SRL* Sept. 18], with somewhat tornado-like violence and indiscrimination, blows away seven illusions as to how to keep peace, only to substitute an eighth and equally fallacious one: the illusion that contemporary nations are so many sovereign individuals living in Roaring Camp.

As a simile, the Mowrer allegory has value to an international society yearning to establish law and order and needing some world government, no doubt with a touch of the vigilante technique, to get anywhere. But it is so nearly related to Mr. Mowrer's "moralistic" and "sentimental" fallacies that it makes an old fallacy-hunter's bones ache. And like Mr. Henry A. Wallace's idea that everything can be settled by just sitting down at a table and reasonably talking things over with the Russians, it is just a simile, anyhow.

Nations aren't just individual personalities, bedeviled with Roaring Camp's or any other community's social disciplinary problems. They are much more complex organisms, and harder to manage, than the psychiatrists would agree that Mr. Mowrer, the editors of *The Saturday Review,* and the writer of this communication are. Their troubles can no more be banished with oversimplifications than they can with whiskey addiction.

The truth about nations is so frighteningly complicated, in fact, that there is practical merit in each one of the seven illusions and fallacies which Mr. Mowrer so airily disposes of—including the Macchiavellian. To keep the peace, and/or to make world government work, they all need to be merged and applied according to their usefulness in various present and upcoming emergencies.

Mr. Mowrer's muffing of these points is, of course, understandable. He is properly so fed up with having his seven "fallacies" advanced as separate cure-alls for the world's unhappy condition that he goes out on a limb for a cure-all of his own.

Allowing that his is a powerful and necessary medication for the times, he, nevertheless, cuts its usefulness down to a fraction by smashing, in his specializing zeal, all the other bottles in the family medicine chest.

If this is just another simile, let Mr. Mowrer light his pipe with it at Roaring Camp.

DUNCAN AIKMAN.

Washington, D. C.

Just a Bone?

SIR: The editorial "Cosmic Irony" [*SRL* Sept. 18] omitted some items in the unnerving catalogue: world-wide inflation, the House Un-American Activities Committee, the 1948 candidates for the American Presidency. Most recent addition to our woes: the brutal assassination of Count Bernadotte in Palestine.

I can think of little in the past few months that is consoling. There is Estes Kefauver's victory over Boss Crump and Representative Jacob K. Javits's espousal of federal world government. Is that enough to live on, or are the Fates just throwing us a bone to keep us quiet till we are hurled into Hades?

STEWART E. PERRY.

Washington, D. C.

No Stooping

SIR: Re the editorial "Why Write?" [*SRL* July 31] may I submit the following excerpts from a letter written by John Keats to John Hamilton Reynolds?

I have not the slightest feel of humility towards the public—or to

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anything in existence,—but the eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men .....—I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me—but among Multitudes of Men—I have no feel of stooping, I hate the idea of humility to them.

I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least Shadow of public thought. . . .

ARTHUR ZINKIN.

New York, N. Y.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

SIR: This is only to tell you that at least one of your readers in a distant land greatly enjoys and appreciates the cartoon series Through History with J. Wesley Smith.

Mr. Burr Shafer's ironical puncturing of the hot-air balloons of conventional schoolbook history, the refreshing highlighting of what is comic while trying to appear solemn, is typical of America in the best sense of the word because it takes for its basis the point of view of the "little man" in the street. In a word: cynicism and a conscious working on the incongruities of anachronism were never paired off with better success.

Could it be hoped that these cartoons will one day be collected in a volume?

LADISLAS ORSZAGH.

Debrecen, Hungary.

EDITORS NOTE: *It could.*

Through History with Harrison Smith

SIR:

Treason is an ugly word,*
Who killed Cock Robin?
Status quo I ever did see,
With a bongo, bongo, deshabille,
H. S. says this Land of the Free
Never was found by traitors.

Old King George was a very fine man
And deplored the need for shedding blood;
While George Washington, of cherry tree fame,
Bowing to the left and bowing to the right,
Agreed to call it a gentleman's game:
So rebels and tories fought and bled.

Treason is an ugly word,
Who killed Cock Robin?
Status quo I ever did see,
With a bongo, bongo, deshabille,
H. S. says this Land of the Free
Never was found by traitors.

Now, the point of the story H. S. misses:
Depending only on which side you're on,
A traitor's a traitor (boo's and hisses),
A Nathan Hale or a Benedict Arnold,
Not by the thought or deed as such,
But by the note in the beholder's eye.

Treason is an ugly word,
Who killed Cock Robin?
Status quo I ever did see,
With a bongo, bongo, deshabille,
H. S. says this Land of the Free
Never was found by traitors.

NATHAN MINKOFF.

Detroit, Mich.

*SRL Aug. 14.

The Film Forum

UNITED NATIONS DAY
October 24, 1948

***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

— "We Can Work It Out Together or Fight It Out Alone" —

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We would like to direct your attention to several back issues of the* SRL FILM FORUM, *at which time we listed many other motion pictures suitable for group leaders now discussing the United Nations. ("Mankind, Inc." June 12; "The Atomic Age" July 3; "Atom Bomb—Part II" Aug. 7; "Palestine" Aug. 21.)*

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE UNITED NATIONS YEAR. Produced by the Films & Visual Information Division of the UN Dept. of Public Information. Distributed by Film Program Services, 1173 Avenue of the Americas, New York City 19, N. Y.

This is the first in a projected series of ten-minute newsreels planned to give film audiences throughout the world a first-hand picture of the work of the United Nations. This annual report covers its activities from September 1947.

The film covers eight subjects: Palestine—partition, mediation, and "cease fire" (does not deal with Folke Bernadotte's assassination); FAO (Food and Agriculture Organization) Mission at work in Poland; the signing of the Indonesian truce; world architects designing the new UN headquarters in New York; displaced persons flown to South America by the IRO (International Refugee Organization); World Health Organization sending cholera vaccine to stop the epidemic in Egypt; the Security Council as it learns of Ghandi's death; and the aid for children in war-ravaged countries.

This film does not pretend to be more than a simple record of events; it is not a documentary, and its value to educators is limited.

DOES IT MATTER WHAT YOU THINK? Distributed by British Information Services. Consult *SRL* for nearest source.

A discussion of any nature, let alone the United Nations, is based for the most part on personal opinion and to a lesser degree on the elements from which it is formed.

Do you think what you are told to think or do you form independent conclusions? Do you read a newspaper because it expresses your ideas or because you accept those of its editorial policy? When you form an opinion, what use do you make of it?

This fifteen-minute film explains how our opinions are formed and examines the value of opinion in a free society, as well as the importance of free exchange of information between nations.

FIRST STEPS. Produced by the Films & Visual Information Division of the UN Dept. of Public Information (UNDPI). Consult *SRL* for nearest distributor.

Each year the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences awards an "Oscar" and a scroll for the year's best accomplishments in every branch of film work; in some quarters this is regarded as the highest achievement in the United States; more often than not it remains a Hollywood charade. This year they are to be complimented for having selected "First Steps" "for distinctive achievement in short documentary production." It is one reel; eleven minutes.

Of equal interest as its recognition by the commercial entertainment industry is the history of the film itself. It was sponsored by the Government of India with the aim of helping to train social workers in that country; it was supervised by the UN Department of Social Affairs, and it has been translated into Chinese, Czech, French, Greek, Polish, Spanish, and Serbo-Croatian.

The first steps, from which the title comes, are the three stages in the treatment of a very young boy so badly stricken by infantile paralysis that he cannot walk at all. The skill and sympathetic understanding of a physiotherapist results in the child finally walking unaided.

Crippled children are being taught to become normal citizens, useful to themselves and to society. Training and practice in the handling of toys and hobby materials can be transformed into the handling of tools and utensils. A little girl, a cerebral palsy case, develops coordination through play at finger painting.

An unusually sensitive and touching film.

WE THE PEOPLES. Produced by Young America Films, 18 East 41st St., New York 17, N. Y. (10 minutes.)

An example of the sloppiest kind of educational film. However, "compared to nothing at all, a mouse is a large animal."

Almost without direction, purpose, or real meaning, this film purports to show the various purposes and functions of the United Nations organization. It is unimaginatively put together of odd bits of library stock footage and poster-caption narration.

There are far better films on the subject available for classroom use, and it is brought to your attention here only to advise against its purchase or rental.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Americana. *Boston is always good for another book, be it "Dahl's Brave New World"—a collection of cartoons by Boston's Francis Dahl—or Cleveland Amory's success of last year, "The Proper Bostonians." Robert N. Linscott has gathered together the best writing about Boston through the ages in a unique anthology, "State of Mind," reviewed below. And this week will see the publication of David McCord's essays on the city called "About Boston." . . . Since the war there have been a number of magnificent picture books of American history. Most notable of these was Roger Butterfield's "The American Past," but closest in spirit to "Fighting Indians of the West," reviewed below, was William H. Jackson's "Picture Maker of the Old West." In the latter two books have been preserved priceless early photographs of the "noble savage."*

Examining the Hub

STATE OF MIND: A Boston Reader. Edited by Robert N. Linscott. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1948. 428 *pp.* $4.50.

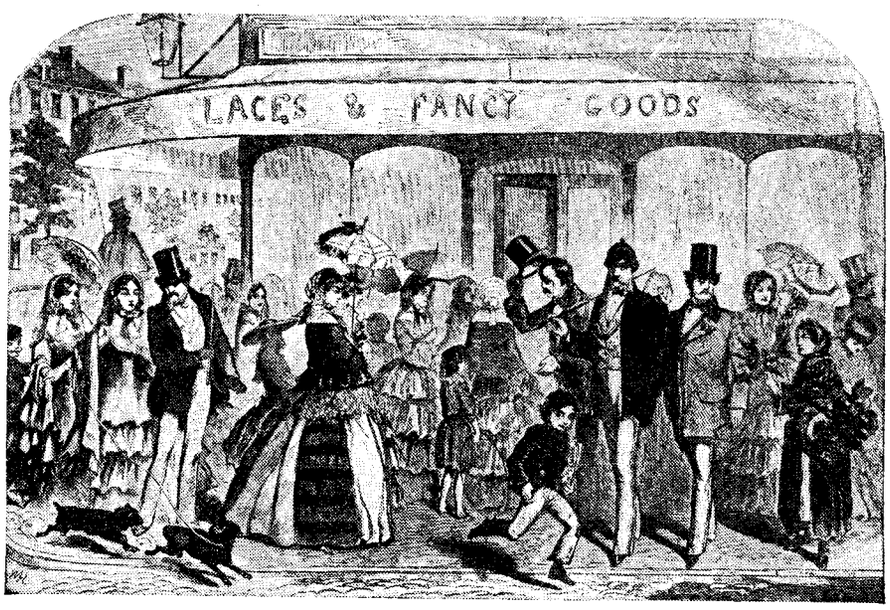
Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE City and Country Reader Series, "designed to present the best that has been written about various parts of the United States," is off to a fine start, thanks to a city whose abundant literature and highly individual, but far from monotonous, character is to be the subject of lively anthologizing; thanks also to an editor who knows that city and its New England matrix thoroughly, affectionately, and with amusement.

In "State of Mind," Boston stands revealed in her historical periods and in many aspects. Representing the days and ways of the theocracy, Cotton Mather does battle with the devil, who has invaded the Goodwin household, and solemnly explains to his four-year-old daughter "the sinful condition of her Nature"; John Dunton provides recipes for snail water (prime for rickets), homemade toothpaste, and Sillabub; and Harvard College promulgates its laws for scholars, which include the injunction that: "None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs." Judge Samuel Sewall's diary is drawn on for a view of early eighteenth-century Boston society; Paul Revere's world is seen through the retrospective eyes of Esther Forbes; amusing mid-century advertisements are plucked from the *Boston Evening Post;* and Samuel Breck describes an extraordinary feast which was provided for the officers of a French naval squadron, at a time when all honest New Englanders thought of all Frenchmen as frog-eaters but were rather vague as to just how the Gallic delicacy should be served. Hawthorne's story "My Kinsman, Major Molineux" dramatizes what it meant to be a loyalist officer in a colony seething with independence; and eyewitnesses and participants report such incidents as the Boston tea party, Paul Revere's ride, and the Battle of Bunker Hill.

For the period of "High Noon: 1800-1865," Mr. Linscott draws judiciously and profitably on Van Wyck Brooks, Samuel Eliot Morison, Henry Adams, Emerson, and William Lloyd Garrison. Mr. Brooks reminds us that there was high living as well as high thinking in the Boston of the codfish aristocracy, a social milieu capacious enough to embrace the Cushings—who surrounded their house with a well of Chinese porcelain, dressed their Chinese servants in native costume, and went in for peacocks on the lawn—and Harrison Gray Otis who, "at the age of eighty, after forty years of gout, breakfasted every morning on *paté de foie gras,*" and at whose house, every afternoon, "ten gallons of punch evaporated out of the Lowestoft bowl that was placed on the landing." Mr. Brooks also depicts "the god-like Daniel" and the "God-intoxicated Forties," while Mr. Morison writes of the Federalist merchant princes, for whom Charles Bullfinch labored in the avenues of architecture, and of the glorious clipper days. William Lloyd Garrison piously recounts his rough handling by an anti-abolitionist mob. Henry Adams supplies a segment from the famous record of his education. Emerson portrays the formidable Margaret Fuller. But I think that it is a writer less well known than all these who bears away the palm in this section. He is Robert Carter, and his contribution is a remarkably entertaining account of the "Newness"—or Transcendentalism, as it is known to outsiders—"a very singular intellectual and spiritual movement which broke out like an epidemic in New England . . . and ran its course for about ten years, when it subsided and disappeared almost as suddenly as it arose." Mr. Linscott struck gold when he followed the lead which took him to Carter's reminiscent article in the November 1889 issue of *The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine.*

Boston's "High Noon," according to Mr. Linscott's calendar, is followed by "The Long Afternoon: 1865-1948." Van Wyck Brooks charts its course during the last four decades of the nineteenth century. In the Sixties, Boston still "had no second as a seat of culture," and the Saturday Club was flourishing superbly; but the town was ripe for change, ready to admit such outlanders as William Dean Howells. The Seventies saw young men deserting a



—*Winslow Homer.*

Washington Street, Boston, of the 1850's—period of "High Noon."

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city which, according to Henry Adams, "seemed to offer no market for educated labor," and also witnessed a widening rift between the writer and his public. The climate of the Eighties was that of Indian Summer: "the Boston mind was indolent and flaccid, as if the struggle for existence had passed it by"; Boston was even preparing to see itself through alien eyes, even ready to laugh at itself. With the Nineties, the waves of the Irish Catholic invasion began to prove themselves too strong for any Yankee Canute. Night was closing in.

Through the declining light of this long afternoon, in Mr. Linscott's volume, there move the figures of Henry James's forever memorable Miss Birdseye, Santayana's Mr. Nathaniel Alden, Mark Twain (glimpsed at a most embarrassing moment), sensational and legendary Mrs. Jack Gardner, Sacco and Vanzetti, and Amy Lowell—through whom the vitality of old New England burst forth in a surprising, pyrotechnical display. Oscar Wilde visits the Hub in 1882, outwits his Harvard hecklers, and discovers "a permanent intellectual tradition." A quarter-century later, H. G. Wells finds Boston cumbered by its past, and blind to "the crude splendor of the possibilities of America now." Cleveland Amory's proper Bostonians pursue, with decorous enthusiasm, their favorite sport of funeral going. And finally, bringing up the rear of the long procession, with stubborn faith in his birthplace, his class, and the traditions of his class, there appears, and passes, through the bewildering circumstances of a changing world, the familiar, symbolical, mock-heroic figure of the late George Apley.

The tale is told. No Irish come, like Fortinbras, to claim the stage and final curtain; for their Boston, however vigorous and whatever its future, has nothing to do with the "state of mind" that Mr. Linscott has memorialized. There are areas of the spirit which, unlike geographical areas, are proof against invasion.

Sad and Savage Faces

FIGHTING INDIANS OF THE WEST. By Martin F. Schmitt and Dee Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1948. 362 *pp.* $10.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book is essentially an ordered collection of remarkable photographs. But this is not said to minimize its importance. As the authors say in their introduction, the records of our photographers "are second only to reality, yet historians have passed them by for millions of words—good, bad, and indifferent." They have produced "the stuff of history." In various collections of Western photographs of the last few years the Indian, particularly, has begun to appear in his "reality," noble, savage, and often brutal, but at a far remove from the romantic representations, usually Europeanized, which have spotted our histories. Some of Brady's photographs belong in this category, but there have been few such galleries collected as in this new book. One gets a moving history of episode after episode in our Indian wars, illustrated by faces and actions and scenes taken at the time and on the spot. It is easy to see why the Indian was respected, and why he was feared. And the whole ghastly history of our treatment of the Indians, usually resulting from greed or stupidity, not from policy, is made dramatic by these sad and savage faces.

The text is brief, little more than a running commentary. I am unable to judge of its accuracy, which I have no doubt is good, except in one instance. This is the pictorial history of the murder of a relative of mine, General Edward R. S. Canby, of which I have the family records. A Civil War commander of Quaker descent, his genius was for conciliation. General Canby went into the almost impregnable Oregon lava beds in the attempt to end a war which had begun disastrously for his soldiers. It was a war entirely due to the greed and stupidity of the settlers and of Washington. Canby was shot in the tiny peace tent shown in these pictures by Captain Jack, a Modoc, who would not "trust these men that wear blue cloth and brass buttons." Schonchin Jim, the kind of Indian pioneers dreamed about in nightmares (look at his picture), goaded Captain Jack into murder by calling him "a fish-hearted woman." It took an army of a thousand soldiers and a campaign to end the war, the "most costly war in which the U.S. ever engaged, considering the number of opponents"—seventy-five Indian warriors fighting "for their native land and liberty." Captain Jack's body was put on exhibition through the East for a ten-cent fee! This typical story of an Indian war stirred up by aggression comes to life in these photographs.

Americana Notes

JOSIAH ROYCE called himself a student "whose professional business is one not commonly regarded as duly conversant with this actual world of picks, pans, cradles, and vigilance committees"; but the philosopher nevertheless wrote a classic history of California, 1846-1852, for the old American Commonwealth Series. His English-born parents had been part of the Forty-Niner emigration. He had been reared in California. Issued more than sixty years ago, his book has long been out of print. It was a happy thought to republish it under the old title, **"California from the Conquest in 1846 to the Second Vigilance Committee in San Francisco"** (Knopf: $4), enriched with an introduction by Robert Glass Cleland. This introduction, it should be said, contains not only an appreciation of the book, but some interesting new biographical material on Royce. Royce was a young man when he wrote on California, he had inherited certain strong opinions from his parents, and he was passionately on the side of all underdogs. For this reason his bitter indictment of the American conquest, including an excoriation of Frémont and the Bear Flag patriots, must be taken with reserve. The two long sections on "The Struggle for Order" and "The Social Evolution of San Francisco," however, should be read by those interested in Western history.

* * *

Everyone knows that Bartholdi executed the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and most people know that Joseph Pulitzer led a journalistic campaign to get the pedestal for it finished and the statue installed. But who was Bartholdi? How did the idea of the statue originate? How was the making of this colossus financed? Who besides Bartholdi and Pulitzer deserve the credit for placing it on Bedloe's Island? These questions are all answered in a well-planned and brightly written book by Hertha Pauli and E. B. Ashton, **"I Lift My Lamp: The Way of a Symbol"** (Appleton Century: $4). The man whose name ought to be most remembered in connection with the monument is Laboulaye, the great French liberal and friend of American democracy, in whose brain the idea originated. When August Bartholdi, the energetic young Alsatian, caught it up and brought it to America, Charles Sumner, John Forney, and the La Farges were those who most effectively aided him. A vagrant idea was turned into a movement. This volume might well have been shorter and less emotional, but it does justice to a subject larger than many would suppose.

ALLAN NEVINS.

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ABOUT "THE ALCOHOLIC WOMAN"

This is a statement to the literary and professional world and to the booksellers of America about the book, The Alcoholic Woman,

by

Dr. Benjamin Karpman.

BECAUSE of the nature of this work, its shocking realism, we believe that its purposes and objectives, the history of its development, should be well defined and understood. We consider it an important responsibility to see that this work is directed exclusively into those channels where it will accomplish the greatest good.

This statement is intended to outline some of the history of the conception, preparation and publishing of the book and to clarify all of its objectives.

The Alcoholic Woman represents a background of some thirty years' research and clinical exeprience. Dr. Karpman, the author, is an internationally recognized authority in the field of psychotherapy. His three decades of service at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D. C., have provided clinical information that is of the greatest value to society.

The alcoholic problem in modern society has become seriously recognized by national, state, and locally organized civic and medical groups. Clinics have been established, cooperation of law enforcement agencies secured, steps have been taken to help the "alcoholic" rehabilitate himself, physically and mentally. For today the alcoholic is generally accepted for what he is, *a sick person.* And society has embarked upon a long range program to return the alcoholic to usefulness.

The distinguished directors of The Washington Institute of Medicine Research Foundation, a non-profit medical research organization, dedicated to research in the fields of science, have felt that the *phase* of alcoholism that Dr. Karpman has explored for three decades is of vital importance to society. Dr. Karpman was commissioned to prepare a work that would graphically, realistically, and honestly present this problem.

The results are presented in *The Alcoholic Woman*—a work intended for those men and women whose professional interests are in the fields of medicine, law, psychiatry, social work, penology, legal control, education, pastoral work, and others concerned with the direction of human behavior.

The study is a sincere, objective, realistic and determined exploration of a phase of a subject manifestly important to society. It is an authentic presentation of actual case studies in the psycho-dynamics of alcoholism in women. It presents conclusions establishing the underlying causative factor in alcoholism in general, and specifically deals with the genetic, biologic, sociologic, economic, religious, and other aspects of alcoholism, which must be understood by students of alcoholism, whether their primary interests are in these fields or in any other phase of the cause and effect of alcoholism upon the human being. The establishment of the fact of an underlying neurosis in the majority, if not all, cases of alcoholism justifies the thorough and careful study of this work by all who are interested in the subject.

That this book should evoke interest among laymen is natural and to be expected. Certainly no present day social problem stands in more need of understanding than alcoholism. Nearly every man, woman and child is in some way affected by the alcoholic problem. Nearly every family, every individual, is touched by some person, relative, friend, or acquaintance whose emotional weaknesses have led them to alcohol. We quote from a lay-reader who sent us this interpretation of the work:

"In his book, *The Alcoholic Woman,* Dr. Karpman, for the first time in the literature of alcoholism, has recorded the actual case histories of women whose emotional lives were dependent upon alcohol for release. Unlike some of the recent best sellers that have capitalized on the fad for fiction, emphasizing usually the results of drinking on the leading character's social life, Dr. Karpman's work explores the real reasons for the desire to drink—he not only tells what happens to the alcoholic woman, but *why* she is that way. He probes into the whole personality of the women he is treating—their parental relations, environmental influence, their education, their sexual frustrations, their escape vents, their dreams and repressions.

"And while the book is a scientific and sober study, there is an appealing quality of sympathetic understanding and comment in the author's presentation of their cases. Each woman is a story unto herself—each has a distinct personal drama that unfolds as she herself describes her dreams and fantasies. Often, the author includes the patient's own analysis of her actions. Dr. Karpman's interpretations may at first shock some readers who have not at least had a scanning acquaintance with Freud, but I think that the psychoanalysis, presented here in lucid, understandable terms, becomes more and more convincing as the reader observes how the author, one of the country's leading psychotherapists, uses and shapes the material. That he gained the complete confidence of his patients and so is able to give us such a full, well-rounded account is a tribute to Dr. Karpman's ability as a person, as well as a psychiatrist and writer.

"And while the writing is fact, not fiction, this book contains the drama and tragedy that is actually more intense than any contrived suspense could be. The characters are alive, the style is direct and fluid, and the language used is in the vocabulary of any intelligent reader.

"This business of living has produced thousands of Elizabeth Chessers, Vera Bancheks, and Frances Elliotts, of course in varying degrees, and this remarkable study of their cases should lead to a clear understanding of what makes the alcoholic woman."

There can be no doubt that *The Alcoholic Woman* has initiated a more realistic, more factual approach to one of the human race's most difficult social problems. With the belief, that a society, completely enlightened to *all* the aspects of alcoholism will more effectively work toward correcting this problem with its wretched by-products of broken lives, unhappy homes, destroyed families, and wrecked careers, we offer *The Alcoholic Woman* as a vital contribution toward this goal.

Published for:

The Washington Institute of Medicine Research Foundation by The Linacre Press—1025 Vermont Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

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FICTION

(Continued from page 17)

fore she vanishes into immortality forever. Nor does she leave the company of mortals until she has fully proven to them that evil may be destroyed by the vigilance and courage of the good.

Richard's friend Jonathan, a young artist, loves Betty, a shy weak girl who is the victim of her mother and her mother's diabolical lover, Simon, the clerk, an anti-Christ of our times. It is Lester who finally rescues Betty from her evil captors, but not before she has had a glimpse into the inferno and paradise, and has even watched Louise, her petty, selfish, dead companion, reject her divine help and succumb to Simon's magical spell. It is this defeat of Simon, who represents all that is unmentionable and sinister in our eyes, intoning his anti-Tetragrammaton, and bearing resemblance to that other dictator of Europe who tried to mesmerize the people, too, which convinces the reader that such fantasy as Charles Williams gives us here is the true product of that "common observation and a plain understanding" which Sir Joshua Reynolds once alluded to as the source of all art.

Teachers' Woes

THE HICKORY STICK. By Virgil Scott. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1948. 749 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by BRADFORD SMITH

IF you have ever taught or been a student, if you have ever been exposed to classes in education or been on a school board, if you are a parent or have wondered what goes on inside a public school, if you have believed that only big cities have corrupt officials and have sighed for the honest simplicity of a small town—then you had better read this novel.

Virgil Scott is mad—he is mad at teachers' colleges, at small-time merchants using the educational system for petty graft, at the community pressure which expects a teacher to be a model of correctness for students but never, never to stimulate critical thinking about our times and mores, at high-school students who stay in school only because the law forces them there and who lack talent or incentive for study. He is mad at the whole outcome of our experiment in universal education, and his anger keeps the book at a high temperature for all of its 749 pages. Yet his anger is channeled by a purpose and given direction by a good story. The combination of good storytelling wedded to an important theme is rare enough to deserve a fanfare. Virgil Scott (wonderful name for a writer) does not, like most writers with a grudge, forget that his first job is to tell a story. As a result, he has written an emotionally taut, intellectually honest, dramatically conceived novel which deserves—and I think will get—a wide audience.

The story is about Doug Harris, a young teacher who in the Thirties works his way through college, gets married (the seduction scene is out of the way at page 69, which helps), and is glad to get a job in a small Ohio town at $990 a year. The rest of the book describes his battle against the indignities of being a teacher—the necessity of buying furniture and medical service from school-board members, behaving better than parents who nonetheless scorn him, fighting lazy students and jealous psychopathic colleagues. "Teachers who work hardest at their jobs are always the ones who get into the most trouble," the daughter of a school-board member tells him. Only he can't help getting into trouble, because he believes in teaching. Upon his disillusionment, the breakup of his marriage, and his dramatic recovery, the web of the book is woven.

Schools of education are going to have what my grandmother used to call a conniption fit over Virgil Scott's treatment of them. "Before they were through, they had gotten themselves a college in which anyone with the intelligence of a six-week-old puppy could make the national honorary fraternity," he says. This is one of his milder statements. His description of the faculty feuding which lies behind oral examinations for advanced degrees is as sickening as, in many cases, it is true. Virgil Scott does not exclude the university level from his indictment.

Mr. Scott, having read Joyce and Hemingway and the tough school with care, has learned what they had to teach, while preserving an originality of his own. If the latter third of his book is a little too long and tiresomely tough, he has the valid excuse that he wanted to convey a sense of Doug's thorough degradation before his recovery. The thumbnail biographies with which he introduces many minor characters are masterpieces of characterization in miniature and evidence of long and thorough thinking about his

Virgil Scott—"Schools of education are going to have a conniption fit."

story. Everything about the book, indeed, has that rich and convincing detail which reads like life. Only Doug Harris's surrender to the forces of evil seemed unmotivated, even though adequately explained.

Virgil Scott has written an absorbing human story on a stirring public issue which, in the end, turns out to be not only about our schools but about the society which makes them what they are. And that involves us all. We are all there, one way or another, in Mr. Scott's angry, exciting, informative, and, I think, distinguished book.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Double for Death": Rex Stout. 2. "Study in Scarlet": A. Conan Doyle. 3. "The Moving Toyshop": Edmund Crispin. 4. "Arrow Pointing Nowhere": Elizabeth Daly. 5. "The Case of the Lucky Legs": Erle Stanley Gardner. 6. "Halfway House": Ellery Queen. 7. "Farewell, My Lovely": Raymond Chandler. 8. "The Dark Garden": Mignon Eberhart. 9. "The Purloined Letter": Edgar Allan Poe. 10. "Journey Into Fear": Eric Ambler. 11. "Death of a Train": Freeman Wills Croft. 12. "She Came Back": Patricia Wentworth. 13. "The Circular Staircase": Mary Roberts Rinehart. 14. "Minute for Murder": Nicholas Blake. 15. "Murder with Pictures": George Harmon Coxe. 16. "The Postman Always Rings Twice": James M. Cain. 17. "The Thin Man": Dashiell Hammett. 18. "Assignment in Brittany": Helen MacInnes. 19. "The Grey Room": Eden Philpotts. 20. "The Woman in White": Wilkie Collins. 21. "Outrun the Constable": Selwyn Jepson. 22. "Nine Tailors": Dorothy Sayers. 23. "Ill Met by Moonlight": Leslie Ford. 24. "Why Kill a Butler?": Georgette Heyer. 25. "The Punch and Judy Murders": Carter Dickson.

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Climbing Clan

THE ZOLTANS. By Philip Freund. New York: The Beechhurst Press. 1948. 3 vols. 254, 256, 373 pp. $5.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

THE Zoltans are a wealthy New York family of vaguely aristocratic Hungarian descent. The Lauers, their less successful cousins, are people of German background. And the first volume of this three-decker novel—"Book of Kings"—tells the story of young Jacob Lauer's rise from his Yorkville brownstone-house origins to the patrician splendor of the Central Park West (and, later, Park Avenue) Zoltans. The story follows the perennial pattern of the smart boy who knows an opportunity when he sees one—whether it is the impending criminal bankruptcy of his employer, the petty corruption of a minor municipal office, marriage to an heiress, or the erection of skyscrapers.

The second volume reduces Jacob, the *arriviste*, to a secondary role. The scene of "Edward Zoltan" is filled by widowed Jan Zoltan, by then his senior partner, who marries a girl thirty years his junior, and Jan's son, Edward, an unsuccessful hedonist, an art connoisseur and dabbler, who embarks on a costly ballet venture to please a girl he's gotten himself involved with (only to lose her to a foreign virtuoso and Casanova married to one of his cousins).

Edward Zoltan is also prominent in the closing volume, "Stephanie's Son." Traveling to Europe to try to salvage the marriage of his sister, he devotes most of his time there to pondering a pretentious philosophical novel—long "excerpts" of which are included in the narrative—and after his return to New York rescues Jacob Lauer's young nephew from the unsavory clutches of a middle-aged swindler who has lured the boy both into her business and into her bed.

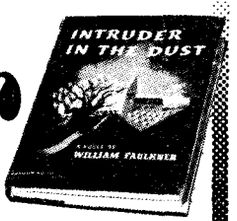
The time in which all this, and much more, takes place is the between-wars period—as indicated by a headline-like sentence here and there. The best which can be said, then, about this 1,000-page undertaking is that the author, besides evidently being a voracious reader of profound books, is familiar with the various environments he describes. Some of the episodes—the old *Stammgast* at the Second Avenue Cafe, the bargain-hunting rich woman who gets herself a second-hand New England husband, or the poor-man's Mme. Blavatsky herself—reveal a generous heart and a talent that might well be at home in the quietly humorous short story.

"An event in American literature"[1]
"Has no American rival"[2]
"A triumphant work of art"[3]

They are talking about the new novel by WILLIAM

FAULKNER

Intruder in the Dust



➡ **A key novel.** "In the scheme of Faulkner's work, *Intruder in the Dust* is a key novel, his one book that offers a sign of hope that the South may yet extricate itself from the swamps of hatred and violence. It can be read as a detective story, a humorous idyl (a kind of second cousin to *Huckleberry Finn*), an outraged, descriptive exhortation to Southern society, a parable of modern life. It is also a triumphant work of art."—TIME MAGAZINE.[3]

➡ **Stirring chronicle.** "For sheer virtuosity in prose, Faulkner has no American rival since Melville and James . . . For all the magnificence and magniloquence, the language is subtle, firm, distinctive, flexible enough to register, and transform into art the fragrance of a bloom or the terrible stink of murder, the most primitive reflex or the most conscious moral act . . . *Intruder in the Dust* is a stirring, very great chronicle." —*Harvey Breit*, N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW.[2]

➡ **Forthright and impressive.** "For fifteen years Faulkner wrote books which were among the most exciting, disturbing, distinguished and involved books to be produced . . . Then, he fell silent. People said, 'Faulkner has written himself out.' People were wrong. In *Intruder in the Dust* Faulkner has more to say than he ever had to say before." —*Lewis Gannett*, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE.

➡ **Hypnotic intensity.** "He is a major American writer, and publication of one of his books is an event in American literature . . . If *Intruder in the Dust* is indicative of what Faulkner has left at the bottom of the creative barrel, then a great many writers, young and old, ought to start hurrying to reach the bottoms of their barrels, too . . . here is all the old, hypnotic verbal intensity, the tumultuous narrative power, the sensitive response to all aspects of the land where Faulkner lives and works."—*Morton Fineman*, PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER.[1]

➡ **Imagination unequaled.** "Faulkner performed a labor of imagination that has not been equaled in our time . . . no author has a higher standing among his fellow novelists . . . At his best—sometimes at his worst—he has a power, a richness of life and intensity to be found in no other American novelist of our time." — *Malcolm Cowley*, in the introduction to THE PORTABLE FAULKNER.

➡ **America's major novelist.** "Faulkner's position today is an extraordinary one . . . among living writers he is America's major novelist . . . *Intruder in the Dust* is one of the best of his shorter books." — *Horace Gregory*, N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE BOOKS.

INTRUDER IN THE DUST

Faulkner's first novel in eight years.

At all bookstores, $3 a copy. *RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.*

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Seeing Things

MISS BANKHEAD TAKES OVER

A LITTLE gold book from Cartier's did the trick. It was an expensive going-away present, given generously and no doubt without ulterior motive. But it did the trick. It did it as surely as if Gertrude Lawrence had chosen it for that very purpose. When opened, it disclosed a clock, a calendar, and a thermometer on the one side, and an extremely pensive photograph of Miss Lawrence on the other.

Since he placed it, so opened, on the writing table in his cabin, Noel Coward could not escape, even while crossing the Pacific on a holiday, this reminder that he had promised to write a play for Miss Lawrence and himself. In "Present Indicative" he has confessed how he "gazed daily, often with irritation, at that anxious retroussé face." He has also explained how for the full stretch of the passage no ideas would come. He has admitted, too, how finally he closed the golden book with a snap, in order to avoid Miss Lawrence's reproachful gaze.

As I say, however, the present did the trick. It did it at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo. It did it the night before a friend of Mr. Coward's was supposed to arrive and Mr. Coward, having to get up at 7:00 to meet him, had gone to bed early. It did it the moment he switched out the lights. For then it was with the insistence of Abou Ben Adhem's angel (who also carried a "book of gold") that Miss Lawrence appeared to Mr. Coward "in a white Molyneux dress on a terrace in the South of France and refused to go again until 4:00 A.M." By that time, though he was not to do the actual writing until later, when he was to complete it in about four days while recuperating from a bout with influenza in Shanghai, "Private Lives,"* title and all, had constructed itself in his mind.

If during that journey Mr. Coward was haunted by Miss Lawrence's photograph, all of us who saw him and her in "Private Lives" nearly eighteen years ago are bound to be haunted even now by the pictures which will not leave our minds of the two of them romping gloriously and giddily as Amanda and Elyot. Mr. Coward's play, as first performed, may have been in essence no more than a superior vaudeville sketch. But he and Miss Lawrence endowed it with the radiance of a comedy. In spite of its songs and dances, its demolition of a Victrola record, and the general frenzy of its hurly-burly, playgoers rejoiced in it in 1931 as the final word in sophistication. In those lean and tragic tin-cup years, it glittered like a goblet.

Its two principal characters—those divorcés who remeet in France on their second honeymoons and run away from their new, very commonplace mates only to love and quarrel, quarrel and love again—were worldlings, unashamed and disillusioned. They were no more worried about morals than they were about money. They shared the same attitudes, the same temperaments and tempers. Indeed, as Mr. Coward knew, his Amanda and Elyot were practically one part. Without anyone being the wiser, they could have exchanged dialogue and spoken each other's lines. Both of them were bright, glib, cynical, outrageous, and, as acted, charming.

They were hedonists who championed flippancy and superficiality. For moralists they had only contempt, for philosophers only pity. They took nothing seriously except nonsense, and it would have been nonsensical to take them seriously. Nonsense was what they believed everyone, however earnest, talked in the long run. "Come kiss me, darling, before your body rots, and worms pop in and out of your eye sockets" was Elyot's way of stating his conviction that the delight of the moment should be savored. His phrasing of that conviction did not repel Amanda. Her answer, symptomatic of the comedy's spirit, was "Elyot, worms don't pop." Life for them, including Love, was a "poor joke" which they met on its own terms by joking.

"What Donald Cook subtracts by his Elk-at-Oxford innocence, Tallulah Bankhead adds in her own tumultuous fashion."

"Let's blow trumpets and squeakers and enjoy the party as much as we can, like very small, quite idiotic school-children" was Mr. Coward's credo and theirs. This is precisely what they proceeded to do. In spite of their moral audacities, they were grown-up children rather than children who had grown up. But, since the trumpets were bright, the squeakers loud, and the party an excellent one, no one objected. Everyone had a very good time, and—in 1931—thought himself very sophisticated for doing so.

Presenting as many custom-built opportunities to Miss Lawrence and Mr. Coward as the comedy did, it also presented its problems to them and Adrianne Allen and Laurence Olivier to whom fell the thankless secondary parts. Mr. Coward was well aware of the problems. Although he has no liking for reviewers, he is an admirable critic himself, and in "Present Indicative" dashed off the best review written of the original London production of "Private Lives." "The play's fabric was light and required light handling," wrote he. "Gertie was brilliant. Everything she had been in my mind, when I originally conceived the idea in Tokyo, came to life on the stage. The witty, quick-silver delivery of lines; the romantic quality, tender and alluring; the swift, brittle rages; even the white Molyneux dress. . . .

"Our duologue second act when, for some reason or other, we were not feeling quite on the crest of the wave, was terribly exhausting. We both knew that if we let it sag for a moment it would die on us. On the other hand, when it flowed, when the audience was gay and appreciative, when our spirits were tuned to the right key, it was so exhilarating that we felt deflated when it was over." As for the "wooden" Victor and the "tiresome" Sibyl that Mr. Olivier and Miss Allen acted, in London, and that Mr. Olivier and Jill Esmond played here, Mr. Coward confessed he "frequently felt conscience-stricken over them both, playing so gallantly on such palpably second-strings."

SEEN today in a different world and with a different cast, "Private Lives" is bound to be a different play. Mr. Coward's earlier comedies occupy at the moment an unfortunate position in time. They are like yesterday's styles, so recent that they appear odd and not remote enough to have become picturesque. Perhaps, if they last, they will some day be revived as

PRIVATE LIVES, by Noel Coward. Directed by Martin Manulis. Settings by Charles Elson. Presented by John C. Wilson. With a cast including Tallulah Bankhead, Donald Cook, Barbara Bayley, William Langford, and Therese Quadri. At the Plymouth.

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period pieces and judged as such with detachment by people who were not a part of that period. Such detachment is now impossible. Although they remain amusing, these scripts have become disturbing. The irresponsible attitudes they so glibly express contributed not a little to the great troubles we faced in the war and, hence, to the greater troubles we face today. What makes us somewhat uncomfortable in their presence is not that we can blame Mr. Coward for this but that we must blame ourselves.

Certainly, the Coward skill is evident in the writing of "Private Lives." As a comedy, it is as theatre-wise as it is life-foolish. Familiarity has dimmed its wit a little. This was to be expected. What was not foreseeable is that its sophistication, which once seemed complete, comes through at many moments, when exposed under changed and unpredictable conditions, as downright naive.

As the revival of "Tonight at 8:30" made clear last spring, when Miss Lawrence appeared in these one-acts without Mr. Coward, and as "Present Laughter" made no less clear when Clifton Webb attempted in New York to take over the part Mr. Coward had written for himself and acted in London, Coward plays in which he was meant to appear are doomed to fly with only one wing without him. The same thing is true of the current "Private Lives," in which Donald Cook faces the impossible task of being a replacement for Mr. Coward.

Mr. Cook is a personable actor. He is neat, agreeable, self-assured, and, I am willing to concede, skilful. But, to me at least, he seems to be utterly devoid of personality as Elyot. That is a sorry thing for anyone, especially for an actor, to be denied. A motor yacht beautifully equipped and seaworthy in its lines but without a motor could not be said to suffer from a more vital loss. Furthermore, Mr. Cook has a voice so nasal in its placement that it sounds like a Britisher's imitation of American speech. The speed with which he is able to race through his lines cannot hide the flatness of the sound he produces.

What Mr. Cook subtracts from "Private Lives" by his voice, his lack of color, and his Elk-at-Oxford innocence, Tallulah Bankhead adds to it in her own tumultuous fashion. No one can accuse Miss Bankhead of being innocent, vocally limited, or without color. Demure is scarcely the word for her, but genius is, however violent or sometimes uncontrolled. More than being a volcano, Tallulah is a volcano in a hurricane.

Small wonder that audiences up and down the country have flocked to

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see her during her tour in "Private Lives." She does not bother to play the Amanda Mr. Coward wrote or that Miss Lawrence acted. She tosses both the script and Miss Lawrence's performance right out the window. In their place, she plays Tallulah. That is something; in fact, it is a great, great deal.

If Miss Bankhead, instead of Miss Lawrence, had dropped into Cartier's to purchase that little gold book (photograph and all) which haunted Mr. Coward on his trip to the Orient, no doubt he would have come back with quite a different comedy in his luggage. Part of the audacity, hence the fascination, of Miss Bankhead's Amanda is that she acts her not only as if Mr. Coward must have had Tallulah in mind, but as if he should have even if he didn't.

She sails in full steam—and takes over. The play ceases to be Mr. Coward's and becomes hers, even as in the process a comedy becomes a farce. A farce? A circus and a sideshow, too; a sometimes hilarious Barnum and Bailey evening with Tallulah under the Big Tent; with Tallulah as lion tamer and lioness, as snake and snake-charmer, as tumbler and aerialist, jumping through hoop after hoop, giving—and having—a good, if occasionally frightening, time.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

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NEW EDITIONS

FASCINATING is not an adjective to be applied lightly to any book (although publishers' advertisements bear witness to the contrary), for its primary meaning is the ability to deprive a victim of the power of escape or resistance by one's look or presence, while in popular usage it is synonymous with charming and enchanting; but it is an adjective which I apply with firm confidence to the revised, expanded edition of Willy Ley's "The Lungfish, The Dodo, and The Unicorn" (Viking, $3.75).

Mr. Ley, specialist in the history of zoology and paleontology, describes his book as "An Excursion into Romantic Zoology." It is a triple excursion. In his first sally—which might have been called "What Is There in It?"—the author surveys the legends and examines the scientific evidence concerning the unicorn, the kraken, the basilisk, sea serpents, giants of Biblical mention, and the Dragon of the Ishtar Gate; and in each instance science comes with more or less vigor to the support of what once were deemed old wives' tales and sailors' fancies. Anyone who does not believe in great sea serpents, for example, after Mr. Ley has dealt with them, is proof against persuasion. From creatures compounded of myth and reality, in unknown proportions, the zoologist turns to others that have vanished completely, or almost so, from the earth: wisent, urus, wild horse, great auk, giant sloth, sea cow, heath hen, passenger pigeon, and famed Dodo of the Mascarene Islands. Most of these became extinct because they were "too strictly adapted to a given set of conditions" and "had lost the ability of readaptation." By way of contrast, Mr. Ley's third section celebrates survivals that verge on the miraculous. Here we meet such ancients as the horseshoe crab, "probably the oldest living animal of our planet, not counting a few small marine or aquatic forms of life and a few dull clams"; *Latimeria*, "the greatest surprise among living fossils"; the platypus, "living fossil *par excellence*"; the estivating lungfish, the koala, okapi, and Congo peacock.

When one closes Mr. Ley's book, one can only exclaim, "What a zoo!," and reflect that it is a happy day for readers when precise scientific knowledge, a lively imagination, humor, and an easy, engaging style are combined in the person of a single author.

From animals who seem in some cases to compete with fiction, let us turn to a few specimens of pure fiction which have recently gone into new editions. Robert Penn Warren's "Night Rider" (Random House, $3) is an engrossing story of tobacco warfare in Kentucky—alive in both character and incident, as inexorable as Greek tragedy in its development, and harboring universal truths in its specific instances—which, when first published in 1939, announced the appearance of a new American novelist of quality and stature. "The Robber Bridegroom" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75), by Eudora Welty, is a magical, almost indiscribable brew, among the ingredients of which one can detect a pinch of "Cupid and Psyche," some dashes of the grimmest Grimm, quite a bit of blood from the Natchez Trace, pungent spices of American folklore, and Miss Welty's own captivating, poetic, unifying prose. Harcourt, Brace's attractive reprints of Virginia Woolf's "Orlando," "Mrs. Dalloway," "To the Lighthouse" and "The Waves" ($3 each) confirm me in the opinion that this brilliant but eccentric novelist will, for some generations to come, continue to be discovered by a number of fit readers, and that her company, like Landor's, will be small but select. Her forte was character in isolation; when she plotted she tended to become a puppeteer, and she was more at home with thought than with emotion.

"Tom Jones," illustrated by Harry Diamond, and "David Copperfield," illustrated by Everett Shinn (John C. Winston Co., $3.50 each), are the first two of "The Ten Greatest Novels of the World" to be introduced and abridged, for the sake of easy reading, by Somerset Maugham. This surgical treatment of great books will doubtless be approved by some persons, and Mr. Maugham is obviously among them; not only as a paid editor, it would seem, but also as a reader of self-confessed impatience, who cares only about getting on with a story. His introductions are facile, informative, and designed for popular consumption. . . The Heritage Press edition of Walton's "The Compleat Angler" ($5), illustrated by Douglas W. Gorsline, and including an essay by James Russell Lowell, is a noble volume, set in type that will delight the weariest eyes.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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LES ALLUSIONS TROUVEES

(Continued from page 21)

is no *iron curtain;* why, though there are *Margaret Cavendish,* who was the Duchess of Newcastle, and *Thomas Cavendish,* who circumnavigated the globe, there is no *Henry Cavendish,* a great physicist and chemist who was far more important than either. (And, if Cavendish has no literary connotation, why include Faraday?)

Mr. Benét has thought long and seriously about his omissions and commissions, which a mere reviewer like myself has, of course, not done. Still, using what appears to be his own main criterion—is the reference one that might be known or useful to the intelligent modern reader?—I found myself inevitably wondering why certain names were left out. (The reason may be that Mr. Benét is not God). For instance, where is *John William Dunne,* who wrote *An Experiment with Time* and so grandfathered many a play by J. B. Priestley? And where is *Jens Otto Harry Jespersen,* who has done so much for the language Mr. Benét and I make a living with? (Addison was also fond of ending his sentences with a preposition—see *Addisonian Termination,* p. 9). Why *A. S. M. Hutchinson,* a not very good writer, and not *R. C. Hutchinson,* a very good one? Where is *Laura Hobson? John Hersey* creeps in, a sort of illegal entry, only under *Hiroshima* (p. 507). Why do I not find *William Hazlitt Upson,* the creator of that slick-paper folk-hero Alexander Botts? I search the horizon and find no *Cyril Connolly.* Nor do I perceive Marcus Goodrich, author of the remarkable *Delilah.* I flush two *Comptons* and three *Burnetts* but can't even get the scent of the extraordinary *L. Compton-Burnett.* Where is *Louis Golding* whose *Magnolia Street* made its small bit of literary history? Where is *L. H. Myers,* author of one of the finest novels of our time, *The Near and the Far?* I see a *Levy, Benn Wolfe,* but no *Newman;* I see *James Mallahan Cain* and *Sir Hall Caine,* but Melville Cane I see not. Where are *Scarface Al Capone* and *Brooks Adams,* both heavy contributors to American culture? And the finest essayist in our country, *E. B. White,* is not listed, though I think Mr. Benét had intended to do so, for his name is printed in small caps in the entry under *Thurber, James Grover* (p. 1120).

To turn to omissions of larger size, should not *Uranus* and *Pluto* be named among the planets (p. 850)? Spiraling down from stars to ants, we get, as is proper, a reference under *Fabre, Jean Henri* (p. 360), but none for *William Morton Wheeler,* who was as great a scientist and a better writer.

And, while in this captious mood, we might perhaps beg for a few more hints to pronunciation than we are given. We might inform the slug-happy typesetters that it is *not Holwortly Hall, Peter Pultock, Sir Edmund Grosse, P. E. Hulme,* or *Richard Hullsenbeck*—to pick out only a few of the inevitable typos. Also I doubt that the Carmagnole dancers sang *Vive le sou du canon,* as we are informed on p. 180. Furthermore, I am baffled to find *Star-Spangled Banner* listed between *Schoolmen* and *The Schoolmistress.* The merest abecedarian (p. 2) would have caught that one.

Still, what do such trivia (see *Trivia,* p. 1139) matter? I cannot bring myself to say another word against a book that introduces me to the *Chichi-*

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vache (p. 204), a fabulous animal that lives only on good women and hence is "all skin and bone." Even more pleasing than the chichivache is the *laminak* (p. 605), who is a Basque fairy and, no matter how many of him or her there are, is always called Guillen. Aren't you eager to know who invented *Ally Sloper,* how *Casey Jones* got his name, and who wrote a best-selling novel about a Chinese sumach? Are you aware that *Daddy Browning's* in *Finnegans Wake* and *Trixie Friganza* was really Delia O'Callahan and *Albert Camus* was a ship broker in Algiers? Or that a Chinese surgeon fathered *Leslie Charteris,* and the *Abbé Epée* (1712-1789) developed a one-hand sign alphabet, still used, to help his two deaf sisters? Do you know how *Wellington Koo* got his first name? The middle name of what part founder of what distinguished literary review is *Darlington?* What famous dancer is named *Austerlitz?* What is *Babbitt's* middle name? How did *I do not like thee, Dr. Fell* come to be written? Did you know that the Nobel Prize for poetry was once refused by the winner, that *Laurence Hope* poisoned herself after her husband's death, and that Helmholtz was born with internal hydrocephalus and after an operation developed into a prodigy and genius? Does it mean nothing to you that *Marie Stopes* is a paleobotanist, that the author of *A Visit from St. Nicholas* compiled *A Compendious Lexicon of the Hebrew Language,* and that *Herbert Croly* was the first American child to be christened in the Positivist faith? Is your blood so sluggish that it cannot be quickened by the news that many of Chatterton's poems are said to be still in manuscript, "being considered too obscene to publish"? And, finally, Ladies and Gentlemen, what do you know—come clean—about *Ginx's Baby?*

To create "The Reader's Encyclopedia" must have cost Mr. Benét many a sleepless night thronged with the reproachful ghosts of dead allusions. Yet in the course of all these laboriously collated 1242 pages he allows himself only one personal touch. Commenting on Edith Olivier's book *Alexander the Corrector* (p. 796) he describes it as "a study of the compiler of the well-known *Concordance,* who thrice went mad before finishing his work!" That exclamation point, to my mind, has much feeling in it.

So, remembering that the distinguished anthologist and reference-book man *Stevenson, Burton Egbert* (p. 1070) is still hale and hearty at seventy-six, let us hope that it will be many a year before the parenthesis after *Benét, William Rose* (1886-) is filled in by *Father Time* (p. 369).

The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING: *Recording Technique*	ENGINEERING: *Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
TWENTIETH CENTURY—SOMEWHAT FRIVOLOUS			
SATIE, TROIS MORCEAUX EN FORME DE POIRE (1903). Robert and Gaby Casadesus. (Two pianos.) Columbia MM 763 (3 10").	One of those strangely dull two-piano recordings that you keep wanting to turn up, until scratch becomes impossible. Much low-level. Loud parts are fine.	B+	"Your music interesting, lacks form," said Debussy (supposedly); this music was answer, from Henry Morgan of French music! I find it trivial, if humorous; but Satie infl. on later Fr. music was profound. Broke Impressionist spell. . . .
POULENC, CONCERTO IN D MINOR FOR TWO PIANOS (1932). Whittemore & Lowe; RCA Victor Symph. Mitropoulos. RCA Victor DM 1235 (3).	I'd say the finest job technically ever to come from Victor—must have been just pre-ban. Full, wide range, no distortion, wonderful clarity, natural piano tone, fine balance!	A+	. . . And here is Satie infl.—30 yrs. later, but this is same impish, nose-thumbing tradition, grotesquely hinting a doz. styles—Bach, Mozart, Chopin, music-hall, salted with dissonance. Clever, good listening, but much thinly concealed poverty of ideas.
PROKOFIEFF, MARCH, OP. 99. SHOSTAKOVITCH, WALTZ ("LES MONTS D'OR"). N. Y. Philharmonic, Kurtz. Columbia 12881-D (1).	Fine, brassy recording—same as notorious "Gayne" suite job. A bit coarse, withal.	A	The P. is a nicely sassy, semi-bitter bit; Sh. is tepid salon stuff (film), as always, well orchestrated.
GERSHWIN, AN AMERICAN IN PARIS (1928). RCA Victor Symph. Bernstein. RCA Victor DM 1237 (2).	Another of the suddenly improved Victor recordings evidently made just before the ban—excellent acoustics, good range, low distortion.	A	Surprisingly symphonic version, rather massive. But Bernstein keeps rhythmic sassiness right up to par. Playing is clean, impeccably in the style.
TWENTIETH CENTURY — WITH MORE MEAT			
DIAMOND, MUSIC FOR ROMEO AND JULIET (1947). Little Orchestra, Thomas K. Scherman. Columbia MM 751 (3).	A gorgeous recording, clear, sharp edge to sharp orchestration; a big-chamber sound, but not huge concert-hall—couldn't be better.	A	Styles in "R & J" music change as do productions—this compares well with recent Prokofieff R & J. Deflationary alongside Tchaikovsky, it is conservatively modern, modal in harmony, complex in scoring, easy listening, occasionally bit banal.
STRAVINSKY, SYMPHONY OF PSALMS (1930). London Philh. Choir and Orch. Ansermet. Decca London EDA 52 (3). *Comparison:* Orch. des Concerts Straram, Alexis Vlassoff Ch. Stravinsky. Columbia MM 162 (3).	Superb liveness and depth, greatly extended tonal range, low distortion makes the new one amazingly easier listening than the old (made early 1930's)—though it was a model for its day and no mean feat.		A monument in choral-orchestra music at last re-done. Stravinsky's orch. in old version is cleaner, sharper, but chorus is poor, wobbly, and out of tune; new chorus does much better. Gorgeous realism of recording in new version—plus time—makes for easy listening.
BERG, LYRIC SUITE (1925). Galimir Quartet. Vox 181 (4).	Notable job of rehabilitation: orig. was made abt. 1936 in France; Vox pressed masters on plastic (removing bad surface noise) then dubbed new masters with higher level, added brilliance. Remarkable transformation! No highs.	A (old set rates C)	One of great pieces of 20th-century music in top performance. Part 12-tone, highly emotional, dissonant. It may sound meaningless at first, but has astonishing capacity to grow upon you. Ultra-serious, German music of the highest type, Mahler-Schoenberg tradition.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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"ROOSEVELT AND HOPKINS"

(Continued from page 9)

Hamilton noted long ago; the Roosevelt war administration was imperfect. But if the next war administration is as good as the last one we shall come out all right.

Nineteen hundred and forty saw Roosevelt both at his best and at his worst; Hopkins was mixed up with both. Sherwood refuses to speculate on when Roosevelt decided to run for a third term, or why he chose to run while pretending he was not running; when an intimate is so cautious a reviewer can only record the conviction, then and now, that if at any time after May 10 Roosevelt had said he would take the nomination if they wanted to give it to him, he could have had it with less fuss and more credit. Hopkins of his own initiative undertook to put the nomination through the Chicago convention, and did it; acting once more as a buffer, diverting resentment from Roosevelt to himself. Sherwood calls the Chicago convention "a dreadful display of democracy at its tawdriest," which it was; but Roosevelt was partly responsible for the tawdriness. Nevertheless it ended in his nomination; he was clearly the best man available and turned out to be immeasurably better than the general public could have realized at the time; if his incurable preference for the circuitous made the method unappetizing, the outcome, in retrospect, was indispensable.

It was a terrible year, abroad and at home. Isolationism had been intellectually respectable till May 1940; but its major premise was the existence of a balance of power in Europe, and in that month the balance was destroyed. Yet isolationism, and pseudo-isolationism, still flourished. Few Americans wanted Hitler to win; but many liked to believe that, as Professor Beard had said a little earlier: "Caesar's empire of blood, if it came, would perish"—how, he did not explain, nor when. Others were willing to defend their country provided the fighting could be done on our own improved real estate and we had made sure beforehand that we would have no allies. Politicians alarmed by the hysterical fear of "involvement" that pervaded the country put pressure on the candidates, and first Willkie and then Roosevelt yielded, making promises in their campaign speeches on which they knew no President could be sure of making good, if he lived up to his oath of office. The last weeks of the campaign, says Sherwood, were a national dis-

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grace; he himself, helping to write the President's speeches, contributed a famous and deplorable phrase of which he admits he is now ashamed. For this admission he has been criticized, by men who are themselves incapable of being ashamed of anything.

Roosevelt despised that campaign fight, says Sherwood, who adds that "it left a blot on his record which only the accomplishments of the next five years could remove." But his accomplishments of that year removed a good deal of it, for 1940 was the year of his great and solitary decisions—decisions that saved the world. At Charlottesville on June 10 he promised to extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation, and straightway began to do so—by legal manipulation, says Sherwood, in a "damn the torpedoes" spirit; still he did it. "There was no time in his Presidential career when he met with so much opposition in his own official family, or when his own position in the country was less secure"; but he did it, and only the few who wanted Hitler to win now regret it. He devised the exchange of destroyers for island bases (most isolationists, even, could see the point of that); and after recharging his batteries by a Caribbean cruise he worked out, himself, the plan of Lend-Lease, and in due course got Congress and the country to accept it.

That year, too, began the great speeches—Sherwood worked on them but he says that what came out was always Roosevelt's—which gave him a position in the world such as even Wilson had never held. "Churchill's was the gallant voice of the unconquerable warrior but Roosevelt's was the voice of liberation." And Sherwood thinks those speeches may have needled Hitler into one of the two worst blunders of his career — the declaration of war on the United States immediately after Pearl Harbor, when everybody in this country was ready to fight the Japanese, but many still saw no need of fighting the Germans.

Before that, however, there had been the dragging, uncertain year 1941—an uncannily exact psychological duplication of 1916, even to its feverish prosperity and its uneasy, apologetic, what-the-hell gaiety—when we were doing something but evidently not enough, and it was uncertain if the nation would consent to do more. The forthright Colonel Stimson has expressed his qualms, which many shared, over Roosevelt's continued preference for the circuitous as against the direct approach. The President was under terrific pressure —both from those who wanted him to do more and from those who wanted him to do less. But, says Sherwood, "if he had demanded a showdown with Congress"—the Congress which three months before Pearl Harbor came within one vote of dissolving the Army — "as to whether the United States should enter the war and fight, I believe he would have been badly defeated, and Germany and Japan between them would have conquered all Europe and Asia by 1942." This seems highly probable; and those who did not share Mr. Roosevelt's responsibility cannot go too far in criticizing him for the way he chose to play it.

The late Professor Beard has accused him of making binding agreements, and has hinted that he ought to have been impeached. Sherwood points out that there were no binding agreements except those authorized by the Lend-Lease Act; and adds that Roosevelt never overlooked the risk of impeachment, but nevertheless made on his own responsibility the decisions which he thought his duty required. Impeachment has been attempted only once, and the men who tried to impeach Andrew Johnson do not come off very well in history. But if Roosevelt had been impeached in 1940 or 1941 his enemies might reasonably have counted on a more favorable verdict; for in that case Dr. Goebbels would have written the histories.

* * *

WELL, we won that war; but the clouds returned after the rain. The second guessers who are now so eloquent about the blunders at Teheran and Yalta do not explain what they would have done, or could have done, if they had been there; and Mr. Byrnes's recent defense of those conferences makes it pretty clear that Roosevelt "gave" the Russians little in Europe that they did not already have, and little in Asia that they could not take whenever they got around to it. But, in any estimate of Mr. Roosevelt's total accomplishment, account must be taken of the fact that a war which ended in the complete destruction of the enemies he was fighting left one of our allies in so strong a position that it became, almost immediately, a danger to the rest of the world.

In large degree that was unavoidable and he always knew it; he placed his reliance instead on the hope and belief that the Russians, having escaped destruction only because they belonged to an organization of most of the world, would find it to their interest to continue to work in a world organization. If, as Sherwood says, the end of the Teheran conference represented the peak of Roosevelt's (and Hopkins's) career, it was because they had got Stalin's ac-

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ceptance, in principle, of that idea; and their experience had not yet taught them how little Russian acceptance in principle meant.

It is probably true that as Wallace Carroll, Mr. Sherwood's late colleague and mine, has written in "Persuade or Perish," we fought the war too much for merely military victory with insufficient emphasis on political objectives. The chief reason for that in my judgment was that the country was by no means united on political objectives; by vigorous exercise of his leadership Roosevelt might have united it, but he was too busy winning a war. He underestimated the duplicity of the Russians but it is hard to see how else he could have behaved at the time; the people who now say that before we had finished licking the Germans and Japanese we ought to have taken on the Russians too would have been the first to denounce him for such criminal folly, if he had done it.

Sherwood's record of Yalta is a record, not an apologia; but it has some bearing on interpretations. It was Churchill's support of the three Russian votes in the United Nations Assembly that made Roosevelt willing to pass it on to be decided at San Francisco; the Americans thought Churchill was influenced by "imperial considerations." There was much talk about dismemberment of Germany, and German reparations; Roosevelt thought "there were too many questions remaining to be answered about Germany before any blueprints could be drawn," and hoped both questions would "die of inanition"; dismemberment did, reparations did not. The most unsatisfactory outcome of Yalta was the Russian absorption of Eastern Europe. But the Russian Army was already in those countries, or soon would be; our armies were far away. (And if we had chosen to invade the Balkans instead of Normandy, our strategists point out, what was to stop the Russians from going on to the Ruhr and the English Channel?) The Russians made fair promises about Eastern Europe at Yalta and "the British and Americans left with the belief that this difficult problem had reached an honorable and equitable solution. They soon learned that they were wrong." What else they could have done, however, is not clear. Roosevelt could not repeal the facts of geography; he gambled on the conviction that the Russians, if treated decently, would behave decently. He was mistaken; but no feasible alternative policy, as of February 1945, has yet been suggested.

"The most assailable point in the Yalta decisions" in Sherwood's opinion, as in Sumner Welles's, was the decision to give back the Chinese Eastern Railway and Port Arthur to the Russians—especially as Roosevelt committed himself, in China's absence, to persuading China to accept it. The then supposed urgency of getting Russia into the war against Japan is part of the explanation; but Sherwood believes that Roosevelt would not have made that final firm commitment if he had not been tired and anxious to get the argument over. Nevertheless, he thinks much of the bad reputation of Yalta came from the gradual later revelations of what was done there—especially the belated leak about the three Russian votes, not an important matter in itself, but in its manner of disclosure "one of the worst all-round botches of the war, and an unnecessary one."

There is a full—to large extent a verbatim — report of Hopkins's last mission to Moscow in May and June 1945, when Russian acceptance of the American voting formula in the Security Council (Stalin overruling Molotoff in Hopkins's presence) enabled the United Nations to get started; and when there seemed once more to have been a solution of the Polish problem. That full record is worth reading; Hopkins had the reputation of being not merely direct but sometimes abrupt and ruthless; but he went into the very touchy problems he had come to solve with a tact and astuteness worthy of Talleyrand. Later he wrote that "we know or believe that Russia's interests, so far as we can anticipate them, do not afford

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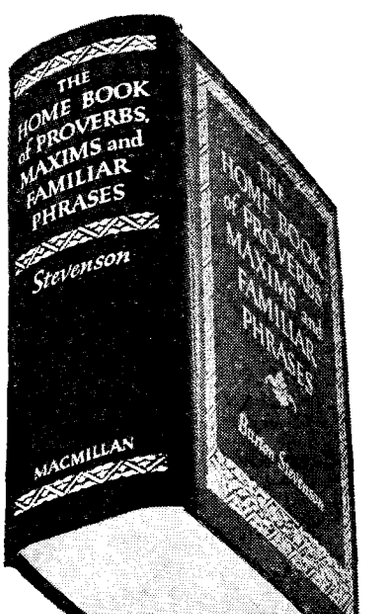

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an opportunity for a major difference with us"; and thought the chief danger to American-Russian relations would come from the people in this country who had already made up their minds that there was no possibility of working with the Russians. A lot of people felt that way in 1945, when we did not yet anticipate how spaciously the Russians would conceive their interests.

Two footnotes to this section. On Hopkins's first visit to Moscow in July 1941:

> Mr. Stalin spoke of the necessity of there being a minimum moral standard between all nations and without such a minimum moral standard nations could not co-exist. . . . The Germans were a people, he said, who without a second's thought would sign a treaty today, break it tomorrow, and sign a second one the following day. Nations must fulfil their treaty obligations, he said.

Also there is a memorandum to Roosevelt from Henry Wallace:

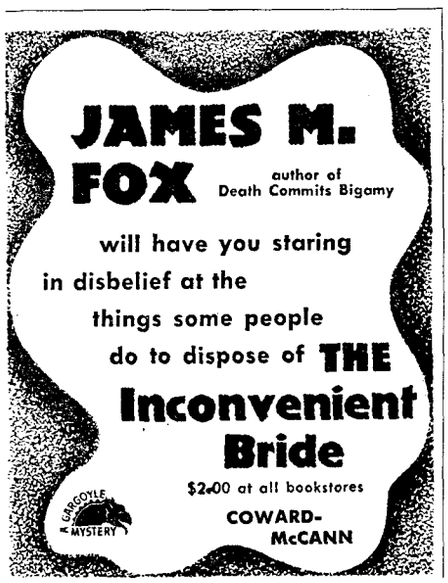
> I do so hope that in the current conversations you will take an exceedingly firm stand. I am as confident as anyone can be in a matter of this sort that such a policy will bear rich dividends; and that any sign of weakness, concession, or appeasement will be misunderstood and will cost us much suffering.

This however was in 1941, and referred to appeasement of Japan.

* * *

SHERWOOD permits himself some concluding reflections on the lesson of Roosevelt's career; that he really was indispensable but that it is a bad thing for the country to be placed in a position where we must "put so much reliance on the imagination and the courage and the durability of one mortal man." The Presidency, he thinks, was tailored to fit George Washington and has been too big for most of his successors; we had the luck to get Lincoln and Roosevelt when we needed them, but "where is the guarantee that this luck will hold?" (For that matter who knew that Lincoln was Lincoln, or Roosevelt was Roosevelt, when they were nominated? Seward and Smith would not have been too bad, but not too good either; and suppose we had got Chase and Garner.) "There is far too great a gap," thinks Sherwood, "between the President and Congress; particularly if he is, as every President should be, endowed with exceptional qualities. . . . Our need for great men in the Presidency will continue, and our need for great men in the Congress will increase."

Well, it is perhaps a Constitutional weakness that so much depends on one man; but when Congress is led by the Tabers, the Knutsons, the Martins, the Hallecks, what can you do but try to find a President endowed with exceptional qualities? It would seem that for the immediate future no such President is in sight; but so it seemed in 1932, and in 1860, and the men chosen in those years rose to the occasion. Now the Champion is gone and lesser men are contending for his title. May whoever wins it rise, as he did, to whatever occasions may confront him.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Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FOURTH POSTMAN *Craig Rice* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Mass murder of postmen in posh Chicago suburb interests lawyer Malone, Jake and Helene Justus, and other well-remembered Riceomaniacs.	Plot and people as wacky as ever, with busted Malone and chicken-poxed Justuses supplying plenty of comedy and, surprisingly, much intriguing sleuthing.	Fun
THE CASE OF THE EIGHT BROTHERS *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Taxi murder of inoffsive guy launches Desmond Shannon on trail of big-time gang murderers who stop at nothing.	Plenty of deaths, plenty of action, plenty of brandy, plenty of Shannon—the "most shot at man in New York."	Tough—with a vengeance
THE WOMAN IN THE SEA *Shelley Smith* (Harper: $2.50)	Impulsive slaying of middle-aged Englishman has ruinous effects on young wife and slightly addled chore boy. No sleuthing necessary.	Impressive and hugely readable account of rather tawdry *crime passionel* involving little people, who should have known better—but didn't.	Odd—and good
TEN DAYS' WONDER *Ellery Queen* (Little, Brown: $2.50)	Worried amnesiac, after Bowery blackout, asks E. Queen to watch over him in small town. Two deaths follow.	Of considerably more stature than earlier Queen *opera*. Plot extra sinuous, people interesting, and pay-off calls turn on classical gambit.	Very good
THE MAN WITH MY FACE *Samuel W. Taylor* (Wyn: $2.50)	Californian arrives at home to find his double has taken over. Clever cop, on businesman's holiday, finally fathoms murderous reason for amazing impersonation.	Slickly narrated, swiftly moving, and amply eventful story of deep-laid plot that went haywire. Not too believable but fun while it lasts.	Entertaining
THE SKELETON IN THE CLOCK *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.50)	Sir Henry Merrivale's interest in old London case crisped by new outbreaks of violence, which result in catching of extremely conceited killer.	Redoubtable H. M. as bluff and perceptive as ever in case which, as usual, involves considerable unscrewing of inscrutable—also much neat comedy.	First rate
BUT THE PATIENT DIED *James G. Edwards* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two murders in Midwestern hospital present baffling problem to Lieut. Leonard and mint-consuming assistant.	One killing rather gadgety, 'tother presents something new in homicide. Hospital atmosphere faithfully portrayed and side-lines ably handled.	Passable

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the Phoenix Nest

TO A COMMUNIST

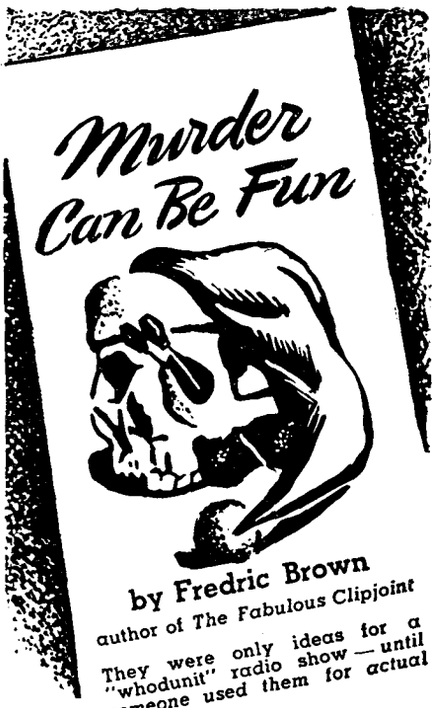
STILL certain? It has all been tried before
Under such different names: to make all men
Subscribe to one same doctrine; or proscribe
And kill those who refuse. Religion tried it,
Nor altered once Man's spirit. You believe
In monoliths. I bid you look at Stonehenge,
The plain of ancient human sacrifice
To gods whose adamant unhuman gaze
Enjoyed the individual's agony.
At night the stones speak there of priests who bound
Men to red altars of a ruthless faith. . . .
You would banish superstition? Yet you claim
Omniscience, and the tablets of a law
Descended from no Sinai. Once again
You resurrect the dark and grim excuse
That the end always justifies the means.
And some of you, with eyes upon the stars,
As true idealists as ever breathed,
Are marching toward an obvious precipice
Oblivious, down to slavery and chains.
As for the young, they dedicate themselves
With all devotion to that which they are told
Is human nature's apotheosis. . . .
You are my friend. You have the human warmth
To be a friend, and have the frozen gaze
To sacrifice for zeal your dearest friend
Because you hate the wrong. I know the wrongs
That shame us for the world, and I will ever
Contend against them, but I hate a code
Of blood and iron. Only look abroad,
Look with clear eyes, not fixed into the stare
Of the fanatic. Tell me what you see,
Not what you wish to see! Call to your aid
No dialectic, such as ancient schoolmen
Used in dry academical dispute—
But merely look—and see. You turn and argue
With me instead. You own one god and lord
Who saw no further than materialism
And missed the inexplicable moving spirit
That works in Man, whereby a tyranny
Under whatever name can smell as rank
As those of old. But now you turn aside
With the old pitying smile reserved for us
Despised of the elect. You will remold
The world to your own will; you are possessed
Of the secret of the future; you will coerce
Mankind for its own good. . . . Well, I return
To men and books, to the bewilderment
Of learning life, and to the paradoxes
That you must also in your darker hours
Know in your soul—O, I forget, you say
You have no soul—well, feel within your mind!
Is it nothing to you, the extraterrene plight
In which we find ourselves? Are you to solve it

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 760)

*MR. DOOLEY:
THE HIGHER BASEBALL

. . . We are sitting out in the sun on the bleaching boards, paying our good money for the sport, hot and uncomfortable but happy, knowing nothing about the inside play, not caring, but all joining in the cry of "Kill the Umpire"—a grand game!

*Finley Peter Dunne; quotation translated from the Irish brogue for ease in puzzling.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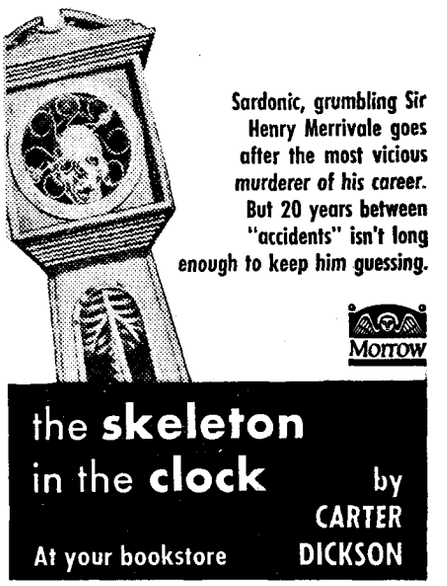
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With one glib theory fitted to all things,
As though the waves I look on from my window
Could be made to move only in one set order?
Forgive an ancient, who has lived too long
To be surprised by fantasies of men
Though still surprised by fantasies of God,
Or what prime mover you elect to name,
Who reasons not as we, nor edicts issues,
But thrives in Nature, dreams in firmaments,
Dies every day and is reborn forever
In love and freedom and the strange hope of Man.

W. R. B.

* * *

Poetry and literature contests: The Wilmington Poetry Society and Delaware Writers announce a nationwide competition for a book-length manuscript of poetry. For details write to Marguerite Weaver, Contest Editor, 911 Vandever Avenue, Wilmington 205, Del. . . . The 1948 Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship is now open. The contest will close January 1, 1949. Write to Houghton Mifflin for an application blank to the Literary Fellowship Awards. . . . *The Poetry Book Magazine* has its first issue due in October. It is published by the Waldorf Book Club. Write for interesting information concerning it to the Waldorf Book Club, 248 East 92nd Street, Brooklyn 12, N. Y. Poetry Editor Marcia Nichols Holden. . . . The Library of Congress has announced the establishment of the Bollingen Prize in Poetry, to be awarded each February to the best book of verse by an American author to be published during the preceding calendar year. The amount of the prize is one thousand dollars. The jury of selection is composed of the Fellows in American Letters of the Library of Congress. For further information write Information and Publications Office, The Library of Congress, Washington 25, D. C. . . . *Variegation,* a free verse quarterly, Room 549, 124 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles, Calif., has recently been receiving favorable comment. . . . For the fall program of the Poet's Theatre, write Theresa Kauffman, YMHA Auditorium, Lexington at 92nd Street, New York City. . . . The editors of *The New Colophon,* a book collectors' quarterly, at 66 East 56 Street, New York 22, N. Y., are Elmer Adler, our own John T. Winterich, and F. B. Adams, Jr., and it is published by Duschnes Crawford, Inc. . . . For information concerning the Festival of Modern Poetry in California, write James Broughton, 1724 Baker Street, San Francisco, Calif. He writes me, "We are collecting manuscripts from all of the twenty-four poets who have already appeared on the festivals and we are now beginning to edit an anthology. It is truly extraordinary the remarkable amount of good work that is being produced in this area." . . . It will be worth your while to address The Editor, *Poetry Awards,* 1420 East Mountain Street, Pasadena 7, Calif., as they have now instituted an additional prize. . . . *Sibylline,* a new "little magazine" quarterly, is published in Evanston, Ill. (P. O. Box 41). Fantasy Publishing Co., Inc., 8318 Avalon Blvd., Los Angeles 3, Calif., advertises two new fantasy books by Stanton A. Coblentz: "The Sunken World" and "After 12,000 Years," as well as "The People of the Comet" by Austin Hall.

* * *

AND/ORDER IN THE COURT

An Alabama Justice (Minor v. Thomasson 182 So., 161, condemning the use of *and/or* in a prayer for relief, questions the propriety of praying in the conjunctive-disjunctive.

Good and/or true people,
Words can be weasels;
Shun the vile and/or
As you'd shun the measles.

Hark! from the bench
Comes a sternly judicial
Excoriation
To make it official.

A legal pronouncement
That's grim and debunked-ive;
Don't pray in, pray,
The conjunctive-disjunctive;

Or risk being held
In contempt of the jurist
Whose classical robes
Sheath the soul of a purist.

ETHEL JACOBSON.

* * *

Several people, including Mrs. Archibald Henderson of Chapel Hill, N. C., have informed me concerning the French form, a kyrielle. Strictly speaking, Mr. Peattie's poem was not an exact kyrielle, as the latter is "an early French form of eight-syllabled verse divided into couplets each ending with the same word." Mrs. Henderson says it is also derived from the litany beginning with the Kyrie Eleison. But she hopes "young Noel will not lose his lovely simplicity." Because Ellen Berry of Chicago found the definition also I will print the poem of her own with which she accompanies it:

The crickets sing the silence of the night
With rustled, pulsing tone.
The darkened sky with hanging stars alight
Swings wide the door—
And it is good to be alone.

Franklin Day, *in re* Saul Kane's recent couplet in this column, ripostes:

To Xanthippe I would join in marriage
Whoever uses the word "to carriage."

* * *

An apology is due Edmund Wilson for the dropping out of a rhyme-word "is" in his rhyme to "eyases" in his verses on the use of unusual words! It was a typographical error. Also several readers are quick to tell me that in Ethel Jacobson's "Scientific Caution" another typographical error reared its miniscule head. Arthur A. Ross of Los Angeles, Calif., puts the mistake in a nutshell:

For things to put your trust in
Forget the *SRL,* it
Criticized the psychostethokrytographometer

It wasn't Miss Jacobson's fault, and I certainly do hope it comes out all right now!

* * *

SONG FOR AUTUMN WEATHER

Gone are the days
When people made
A bee-line for
A bit of shade.

The days are here
When everyone
Steps lively for
A spot of sun.

A. S. FLAUMENHAFT.

* * *

VERDICT OF OUR TIME

Let him touch the steel
And with his fingers feel
The cold metal famishing
For his youthful flesh.

Let him stroke the shell,
Awed by his nearness to hell,
The cold object urgent
To rend him.

Seat him at the table,
Feed him if you're able;
Give him a slice of bread
And later a slug of lead.

H. C. COOPER.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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10-23

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 761

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

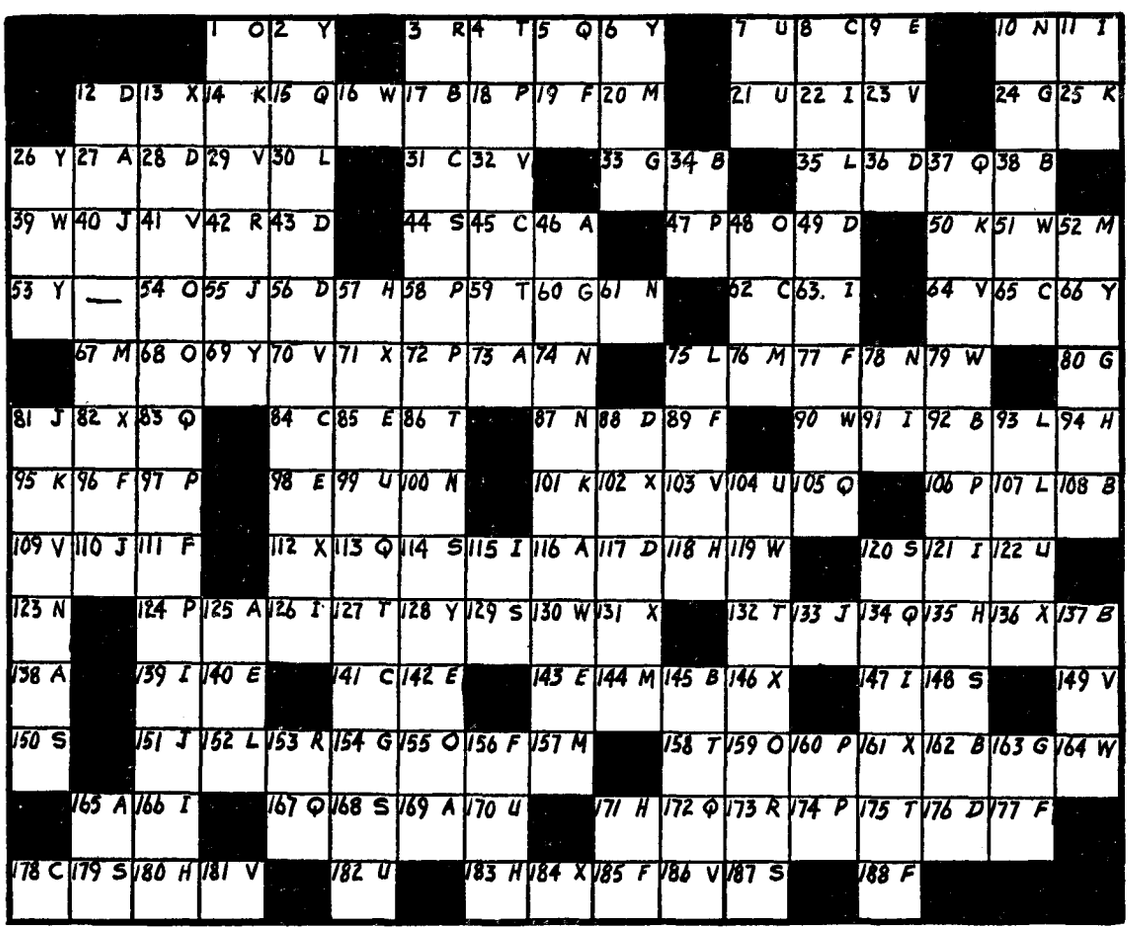
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. An oath (obs. except hist.).	27 116 73 125 46 169 138 165
B. Treated with excessive abuse.	34 137 92 108 17 162 145 38
C. A small, marine, spiny-finned food fish of New Zealand (comp.; Maori origin).	141 45 84 8 65 31 178 62
D. Piano piece of free form and exuberant character (Robert Schumann).	56 88 12 28 117 36 43 49 176
E. Natural passage or canal (anat.).	9 142 85 98 143 140
F. English poet and novelist in U.S. (1892-).	185 19 177 188 77 96 89 156 111
G. One real surname of Isaac Bickerstaff.	24 33 163 154 80 60
H. Those who have made a choice of citizenship.	94 171 180 118 135 57 183
I. Pertaining to New England.	11 166 126 121 22 115 91 147 139 63
J. God of the north wind (Gr. myth.).	40 110 133 55 81 151
K. William II. of England (1056-1100).	14 25 101 95 50
L. Ones remaining.	152 30 93 107 35 75

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Major character in "Henry VIII" (Shakes.).	157 67 52 144 76 20
N. Drownings of many persons at once, as at Nantes in the Reign of Terror.	87 10 74 123 61 100 78
O. American woman novelist recently deceased (Pulitzer Prize, 1922).	54 159 1 155 48 68
P. A coin of small value (Great Britain).	97 72 18 124 106 58 160 174 47
Q. Slaughterhouses.	37 83 5 15 105 134 113 172 167
R. Persian poet, greatest of Oriental mystics (1207-73; "Mesnevi").	3 42 153 173
S. Flaxen (comp.).	187 179 114 148 120 44 129 150 168
T. Purchasers or buyers (law).	4 158 132 175 127 59 86
U. The chief sun god, a beneficent power (Semit. relig.).	122 99 182 170 21 104 7
V. Quality or state of having straight hair.	186 149 109 32 41 64 103 70 29 181 23
W. Rendered like gold-resplendence.	39 16 119 51 90 130 79 164
X. Jewish philosopher; later, physician to Saladin of Egypt; Rabbi of Cairo, 1177.	184 161 13 82 136 71 102 146 131 112
Y. London coffeehouse frequented by Garrick, Sheridan, Hogarth, etc.	26 66 6 53 2 128 69

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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Search For A Soul

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